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for HEALTH

L 275—34

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Crowds are dangerous

Crowds and crowded places are a danger to health. That hand-rail you held as you mounted the steps ; that seat you seized convulsively as you whirled round the corner of the scenic railway—how many thousands of people placed their hands there before ? Many of them must be germ carriers.

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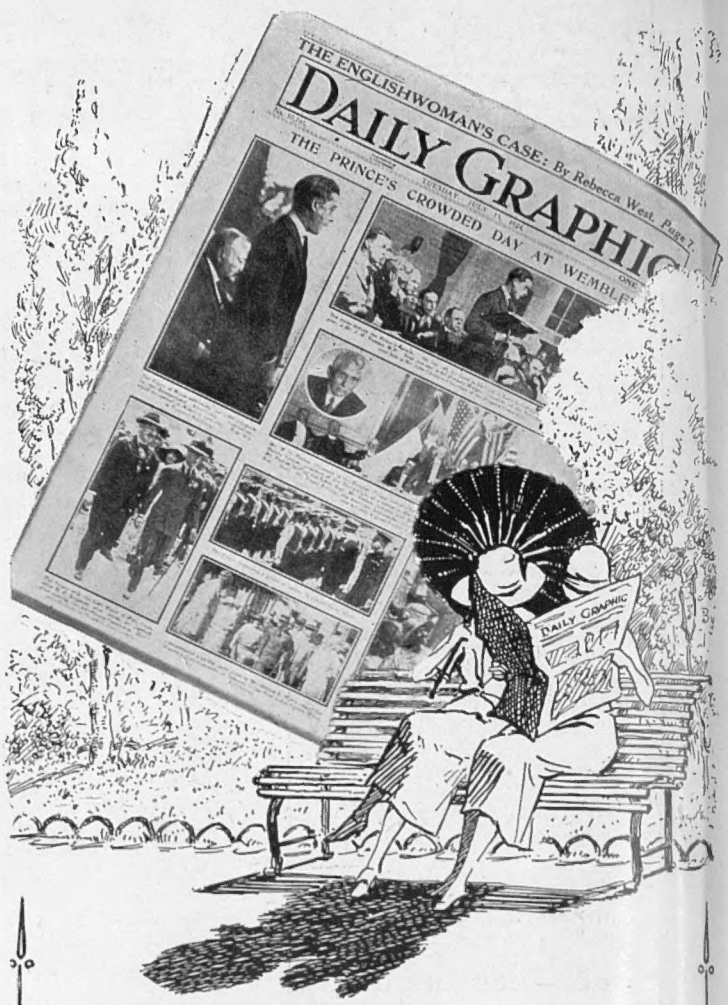

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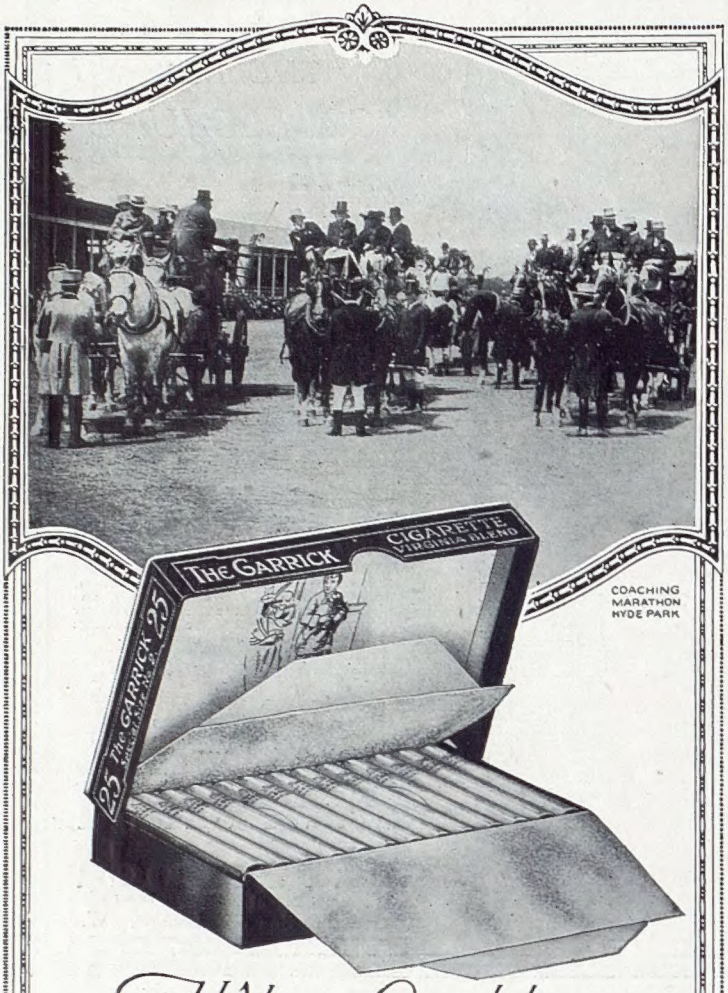

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The Bystander, September 10, 1924 No. 1084 Vol LXXXIII.

The BYSTANDER

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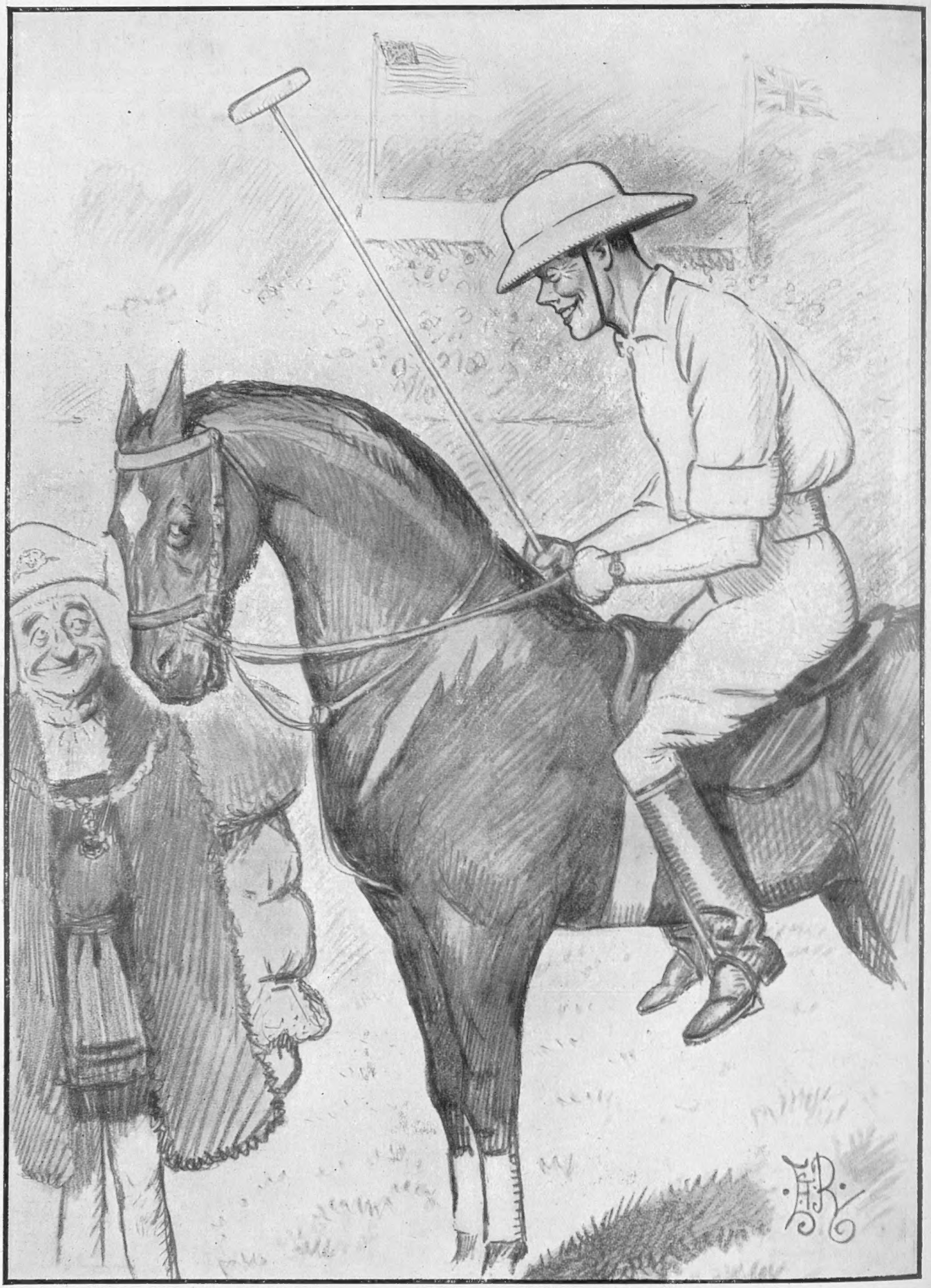
MISS CATHERINE GRAHAM HUTCHISON

The elder daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. George Hutchison. Her grandfather, Sir John Wood, is well known in Parliamentary circles

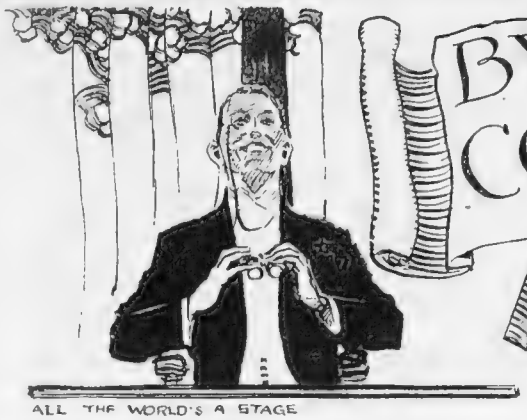
A Case of Imperial Preference



BY E. T. REED

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS: "I take my hat off to you, sir. *You've* discovered the best side of America!"

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS: "Well, I don't pretend to be another Columbus, but wasn't there another of you tourist chaps called Marco Polo? Now, *that's* more in my line"



BYSTANDER COMMENTS

Feeling Napoleonic

At the present moment I am feeling tremendously Napoleonic. I don't suggest that I look the part, and if they are doing that Shaw play at the Everyman in which Napoleon figures, I wouldn't advise them to cast me for the part of the Little Corporal—Claude Rains would be *much* better. Yet, as I say, I am *feeling* tremendously Napoleonic, and that is something.

That Channel Tunnel

I am sitting on the shores of France looking across the sea that separates Wimereux from Wimbledon and Putney from Paris Plage. So, at one stage in his career, sat Napoleon. I am looking across the same sea with, I venture to think, the same feelings. I don't know if Napoleon conceived the idea of a Channel tunnel, but I think there's a lot to be said for the notion, and I wish the gentlemen who turned it down a few weeks ago could sit as Napoleon sat and as I am sitting, watching the great waves roll up the Channel, and wondering how the dickens I can reach that shadowy line of cliffs on the horizon without causing myself any personal inconvenience.

Greater Than Napoleon

In some respects I am a greater man than Napoleon. On the hill at the back of my hotel a monument marks the spot where he gathered his army for a spectacular descent on our islands. Everything was in readiness for the *coup*. The harbours at Ambleteuse and Audresselles had been enlarged and the Old Guard had been provided with life-saving jackets. The troops were lined up in column of fours, when Napoleon looked at the sea and decided that it wasn't good enough. Being a bad sailor he postponed the crossing until the next day and the day after that. Finally, as the wind did not moderate, he postponed the crossing altogether and went back to Paris. Wise man!

No Monument for Me

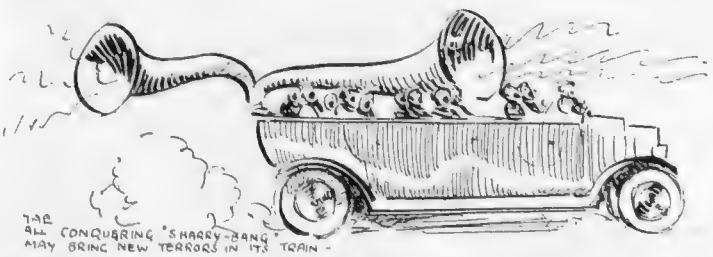
So much for Napoleon—yet I, in company with other simple Britons, may not postpone our crossing. We must be in Dover before the wind drops, and, in that respect, we are greater heroes than Napoleon. If we funk the crossing at the last minute there will be no monument raised above Boulogne to our memory. One must be a national hero to be appreciated to that extent. We have got to go through with it, and there will be no flags flying when we crawl off the boat on the other side.

—And Scotland!

This splendid heroism is not peculiar to myself. The great army of returning Britons is on the march and nothing can stop it. From Dinard, Deauville and Le Touquet, we are returning with the spoils of war. All the money that we have won at the coastwise Casinos is packed away in our bags. Words snatched from an alien vocabulary are stored in our memories. Bottles of scent are distributed about our persons. Foreign labels appear prominently upon our luggage, to be preserved as carefully as a schoolboy preserves his postage stamps. And, when we have recovered from the crossing we shall tell such tales in England—and Scotland—of our desperate doings, that less enterprising stay-at-homes—gentlemen in England—and Scotland—now abed—will gnash their teeth in envy, hatred, malice and all uncharitableness.

The Rolling Ball

Most of the tales we shall tell will concern themselves with "the tables," and we shall vie with the fisherman in our stories of prizes that just escaped us. If you could have seen us—you, gentlemen of England and Scotland—clutching a franc in our hot hands, and adventuring our all upon the throw. With what anguish we followed the career of the rolling ball. How recklessly we impinged on those ten francs set aside for tips, presents, evening papers at Folkestone, the Underground



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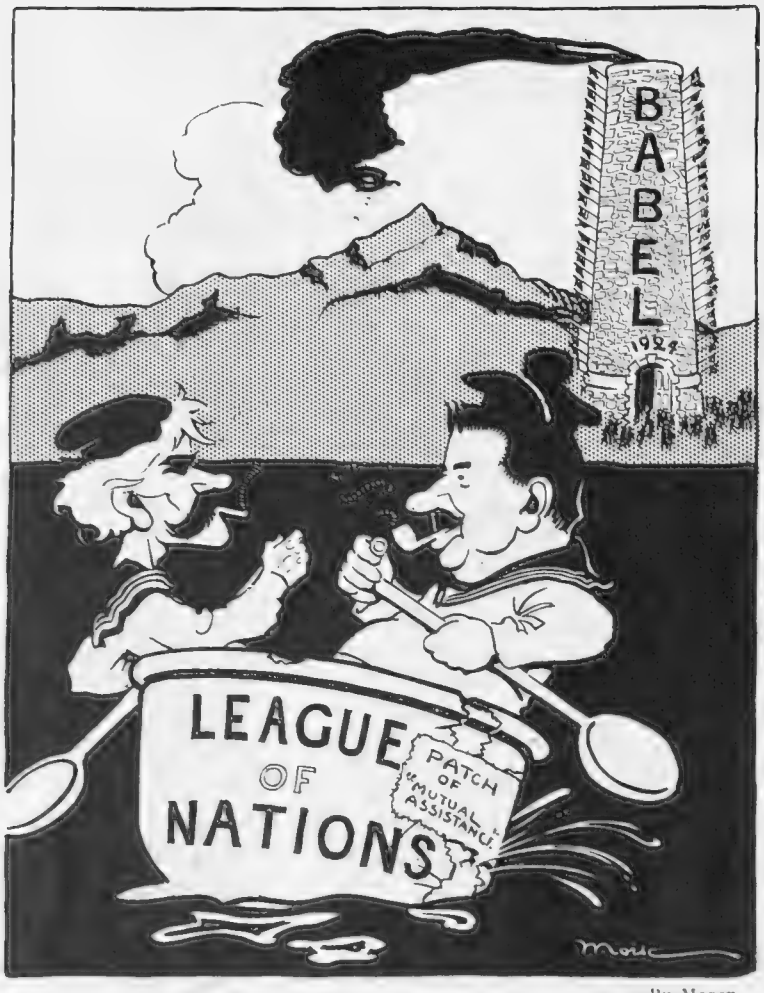


A BO(W)LD VENTURE By Morse

Two "League Loons" at Geneva
Went on the lake in a bowl;
If the bowl had been stronger
My story had been longer.

at Victoria, and other eventualities. How we hung on to the coat tails of 'Erbert and 'Enery at Wimmeroo, when their sporting spirit was running away with them. What crowded hours of glorious life! What glorious hours of crowded life! Wonderful! Wonderful!

A Bad Business

I SUPPOSE we must admit that the promoters of Wembley lost their gambler's throw. Any enterprise that depends for its success upon the vagaries of the English climate is, in its very essence, a gamble. Given a decent summer, the Exhibition would have gone down to history as a triumph of enterprise and a miracle of organisation. But it was not to be. The little devils that surely live up aloft, worked their wicked will from the word "go," and showed no pity at any stage in the proceedings.

A Ghastly Problem

I WONDER if the fate of the Exhibition will win a little sympathy for the British farmer who is always faced by the same ghastly problem of adverse weather conditions. Town folk have little time to spare for the troubles of their country cousins, but the tragedy of Wembley must surely have brought those troubles home to them with new force. We are apt to smile at the woes of agriculture, and to suggest, in our superior way, that its troubles are greatly exaggerated.

A Parrot Cry

IGNORANCE of country conditions is largely responsible for this unfeeling attitude, but the man who could pass through the harvest fields during the second half of August without sympathising with the owners, must surely have corns on his soul. How does the parrot-cry of technical education and co-operation meet such a case? Can the professors make the sun shine? Could they save Wembley? A farmer can co-operate with his neighbour by giving him a lift to the Bankruptcy Court, but that's as far as co-operation can help.

An Old Friend

THAT old will of the gentleman who left the sunshine to the flowers has cropped up again, and my daily paper, which surely should know better, hails it as an epoch-making document. Actually, it is as old as the story of the Spanish Prisoner, and I suspect that the Barons had it in mind when they were submitting Magna Charta for the signature of King John at Runnymede. I should hate to think that my daily paper has had its leg pulled, or that it is wilfully pulling the legs of its readers.

Who Wrote It?

IT would be interesting to know who first penned the original testament. It has always been attributed to an altruist with a lively imagination and no worldly possessions of his own, who ended his days in a lunatic asylum. Quite a long time ago a song was made out of it, and was sung in one of the early revues at the Vaudeville Theatre, while there have been countless parodies. In one of these, a famous artist who brushes his hair straight down on to his forehead was left the keys of heaven for the obvious reason that there is "no parting there!" My daily paper must pull up its socks

New Terrors

"WHITHER are we whithering?" as our one and only George Robey once asked. It is now established that wireless receiving sets, with loud speakers, can be fitted on moving motor vehicles, and, as a result, the all-conquering "sharry-bang" may bring new terrors in its train. Of course, the optimist will tell us that a carefully selected programme provided by mechanical means, is preferable to the impromptu efforts of a beanfeast party, but I, for one, shall refuse to be comforted. Fancy meeting a loud speaker at Lulworth Cove! I'd rather the War Office built tin huts there.

"Bystanderisms"

WE hope to publish in our next issue the result of the recent BYSTANDER Competition, in which £50 was offered for the best "Bystanderism" sent in by readers

BYSTANDER TREASURE HUNTS

The Fox Hunting Season is close upon us and THE BYSTANDER will recognise the fact by organising shortly a series of Treasure Hunts for readers. The scheme will be run on original and amusing lines and is calculated to provide plenty of healthy excitement for those who take part in them. Valuable prizes will be offered. Full details will be announced in an early issue.

Military Mummers at Wembley

BY HELEN McKIE

A few impressions by our artist of some of the performers in the recent Military Tattoo held in the Stadium at the British Empire Exhibition. Air-raids, torch-light processions, Highland reels and realistic reconstructions of Crimean War scenes all went to prove that the Servicemen are actors as well as soldiers

WHO, WHEN and WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

Balmoral Evenings

"COMMAND" performances have been rare during the present reign. I think I am correct in saying that the last "command" was given two years or so before the War when Sir George—then Mr.—Du Maurier and his company played *Diplomacy* before the King and Queen at Windsor.

Such performances are a costly business, for, in addition to the loss of the evening's takings in London, special scenery has to be painted. Queen Victoria had a great liking for the play, and in her later years, as she never went to the theatre, she delighted in having plays brought to her. On one occasion, when he was touring with his company in Scotland, the late Sir Herbert Tree was commanded to Balmoral, an experience which was greater in honour than in comfort. Singers and musicians, too, used to be "commanded" to Balmoral in those times, an honour which was rather dreaded because they, like Cabinet Ministers and others, found the journey long and the surroundings cramped and chilly. But all this was before King Edward had changed Balmoral into one of the most comfortable houses in the kingdom.

Now that the King and Queen spend so many months in London, "command" performances are unnecessary, and the installation of the cinema in the ball-room at Balmoral makes the Royal party independent of any outside source for an evening's entertainment. The films shown are chiefly of travel, natural history, and the passing events of the day, generally concluding with something amusing. There is likewise impromptu dancing sometimes for the young people, in which the Queen, who loves dancing, frequently joins.

Photograph *Topical*

AFTER THE CEREMONY

Mr. G. H. Aykroyd and his bride, Miss Margaret Aykroyd, after they had been married at Hampsthwaite Church by the Bishop of Bradford. The bridegroom is the youngest son of Sir William and Lady Aykroyd of Lightcliffe

Photograph] **ROYALTY AT GLASGOW** *[Farringdon Photo Co.*

The Duke and Duchess of York at the entrance to the City Chambers which they visited when they were in Glasgow recently. With them are the Lord Provost of Glasgow and his wife, Mrs. Montgomery

A Faithful Friend

AMONGST those whom the Queen honours with her friendship, Her Majesty has the reputation of being the most faithful of friends. As a proof of this I was told the other day the following little history.

When the Queen was staying in Florence with her parents (the Duke and Duchess of Teck—she was then a girl of seventeen) she made a close friendship with the daughter of an Italian nobleman. Many years later the Italian lady visited London. The day after her arrival she wrote her name in the Queen's—then the Princess of Wales—book, more as an act of courtesy than

Photograph *Central News*

MAJORITY CELEBRATIONS

Some of the party at Nidd Hall, Ripley, at last week's celebrations of the coming-of-age of Lord Mountgarret. The group includes: Lady Mountgarret, Lord Mountgarret, Miss Maisie Thompson, Miss Geraldine Wall and Miss Daphne Price

with any hope of being remembered. The following morning she received a letter from the Queen herself welcoming her to England, and inviting her to pay a week's visit to Marlborough House.

Further than this, my informant told me, when Princess Mary went to Florence for her honeymoon, the Queen gave her a list of old friends of her own still living there, expressing the wish that the Princess would see them, and at the head of the list was the name of the Florentine lady.

A Lucky Number

SOME ingenious person has been doing addition sums and the multiplication table with the most important dates in Princess Mary's life. Out of this effort he asks the question, "Is seven Princess Mary's lucky number?" To begin with, he points out that the added figures of the Princess's birthday—April 25—make seven. As for the multiples of seven, she was married on February 28; her first child was born on February 7; and her second on August 21. To complete the list of sevens the Princess herself was born in 1897. Can a seven go further? Let us hope it is the Princess's lucky number and not, as matter-of-fact people who have no belief in luck would declare, just a coincidence.

Photograph *Alfieri*

WHERE SUMMER REALLY IS SUMMER

This picture of afternoon tea beneath the trees on the golf course at Biarritz, is enough to rouse the "green-eyed monster" in the breasts of those who have survived England's Arctic summer. In the group are: Miss Nathanson (left), Miss Ida Strokoff, Capt. Hamilton, Miss Howell and Miss Riley

Photograph *Keystone*

IN THE FAIR (ISLAND) WAY

Prince Pierre of Monaco driving off in a match played on the links at Le Touquet. The splendour of the Fair Island jersey is somewhat dimmed when viewed in black and white

Peers and their Coronets

INTRINSICALLY a peer's coronet is of little value as it is never the gold it appears to be. A hard-up earl, viscount or baron, therefore, can expect to receive only a curiosity value if he is tempted to part with this sign of his hereditary dignity. Some of the new peers, I believe, have not yet bought their coronets, and some of the old ones never go to functions at which they have to be worn because they object to the adornment.

Coronets are not always treated with respect in the families of their possessors. I know one family in which the paternal coronet was a "property" for years in the nursery theatrical box. It figured on the heads of two generations of children as the crown of half the kings and queens in history in plays and charades. When it was wanted for King Edward's coronation it was so battered that the refurbishing cost almost as much as a new one.

In another family, a standing amusement was making "saucers" in the paternal robes with the coronet on one's head. Having donned the robes and coronet you span round quickly several times, then sank to the floor the velvet billowing all round you in a big circle—the "saucer." Visitors of all sizes, male and female, were pressed into the game, and the shorter and fatter they were the funnier

Photograph *Central News*

AT THE OSTEND RACES

The Hon. Mrs. George Lambton who witnessed the Grand International at Ostend

Photograph *Central News*

BRAVING THE RAIN

Captain Harold Bullock and Lady Victoria Bullock at the Ostend races which the rain did its best to spoil

Photograph *Central News*

FRONT ROW AT THE MATINÉE

Some of the spectators watching the parade at the Bicester Hunt Show held recently. The group in the front row includes Mrs. Mills, Mrs. Loder and her two children, and Lady Chesham

the effect. If you made a complete "saucer" and kept the coronet on your head—a matter of difficulty as you had to turn very quickly to make a good "saucer"—you got a prize. Nine times out of ten the coronet went spinning to the other end of the room, and some people after whirling round rapidly got giddy and fell forward on their hands and knees at the critical moment of "saucer" making. Robes and coronet suffered considerably under this family diversion. I have seen those same robes on their owner's back in the House of Lords, and disreputable robes they are.

I once heard an American lady ask a peer where he kept his coronet:

"Bless me!" he answered, "I don't know." Then turning to the butler—we were at luncheon—he asked, "Jones, where is my coronet?"

"In the plate cupboard, my lord, with the silver that is not in use."

The American lady was shocked. "If I had a coronet," she said, "I guess I'd keep it in a glass case in the drawing-room."

Photograph *Topical*

ON THE COURSE

Lord and Lady Worsley on their way to the paddock at the summer meeting at Derby. The races drew a big crowd and the fields were also very large

Colonial Governorships

THE days have long gone by since Colonial governorships enabled their occupants to lay up a little nest-egg for the future. Most Governors nowadays return poorer than they went, and unless a man has an income of his own he cannot keep up the dignity of the position. As we know, Sir Archibald and Lady Weigall returned from South Australia because they could no longer stand the strain of the governorship on their private purse.

There is now scarcely a colony in which the cost of entertaining and other official expenses are not greater than the allowance—in some cases so much greater that a man has to be really rich to fill the office adequately. Living on the allowance means skimping and carefulness, neither of which make for popularity. The heavy taxation at home and the increased cost of entertaining in every colony make even a rich man hesitate before accepting such a position.

For this reason the Government is finding it difficult to fill the present vacancies. Naturally, they are not in touch with the same type of people as a Conservative or a Liberal Government would be, and the few well-off people they are able to approach do not seem to appreciate the honour of paying heavily for the maintenance of a governorship which also means several years' absence from England.

One wealthy man who was approached is said to have answered, "Why should I spend several thousands a year in entertaining people I don't know? All I should get in return would be endless worries and exile."

Wages have gone up all round. So perhaps if the salaries of Colonial governors are increased the difficulty of filling the appointments will disappear. At the present moment many Colonial governorships are like some Church livings in England, and most of the American Ambassadorial appointments—they can only be accepted by men of private means.

Photograph *Alfieri*

WORTH CROWING ABOUT

Mrs. Victor Adamson on "The Crow," which, far from getting "the bird," lifted a first prize at the Bicester Hunt Show which was held at Bicester last week

Distinctly Cutting

A LADY of Jewish birth, well-known in London, is notorious for her perpetual efforts to disguise the fact by a wholesale *dénigrement* and belittlement of all things and people Hebraic. She is the childless widow of a foreign nobleman who, like some of his forebears, made a mark in the history of his country.

The widow was holding forth to a diplomatist, her neighbour, at dinner, on the "social chaos" created by the War, the attacks on the aristocracy in nearly every country in Europe, the disappearance of the old traditions, the growth of class hatred, and ended up with:

"I am thankful now, I never had a son. It would have been impossible for him to have carried on the traditions of his father

and his ancestors. Everything is finished! I see no hope for the future anywhere!"

"Madame," said the diplomatist, who did not admire the lady, "have you so little confidence in your own race?"

Foreign Servants

AFTER a visit to a castle in Austria, your Bystander has come to the conclusion that English men-servants do about half the work of their foreign colleagues. We were a party of twelve, with frequent extra visitors staying for one, two, or three nights. On three or four days of the week there were

Photograph *Topical*

LADY DIANA SOMERSET AND LADY BLANCHE SCOTT-DOUGLAS

neighbours to luncheon, and on those days there would be thirty people or so for tea and tennis. But whether there were extra guests or not there was the house-party of twelve to be looked after, waited on and cooked for.

Everything was done admirably although there were only a butler and one footman. The rest of the staff consisted of a cook and two kitchen-maids, one housemaid, and a lady's maid. Contrasting this number of servants with the number one would have to have in an English house to cope with the same amount of work, I was amazed until I discovered the secret. The English rule—an unbreakable rule—that each domestic department is a water-tight

Photograph *Alfieri*

MR. BEAUCHAMP, COL. C. TURNER, MISS TURNER AND MISS J. BEAUCHAMP

THE BATH SHOW
AND SOME OF THOSE WHO DROPPED IN

compartment, self-contained and never to touch on the labours of another department, is unknown. These servants have never heard that chilling, "It is not my work," which is one of the first things a young English housekeeper has to learn and respect.

The men-servants in this castle, for instance, were responsible for the cleaning of all the sitting-rooms.

Photograph *Topical*

MISS JOAN BEAUCHAMP

Photograph *G.P.U.*

LORD WORCESTER, THE PRESIDENT, AND LADY WORCESTER

There were seven of these, including the dining-room, all opening into one another, and a huge *salon*, a hundred and twenty feet long by forty wide, on the other side of the house. All had parquet floors. Some of the sitting-rooms were crammed with furniture and *bibelots* all of which were dusted every morning. Besides the rooms the men cleaned the great staircase and the four wide corridors which ran down each side of the castle.

Petit déjeuner was served in every bedroom, and as most of the ladies did not put in an appearance much before luncheon at one o'clock, their bedrooms could not be done in the morning. The butler, the footman, and the lady's maid helped the housemaid make these beds and "do" these rooms, whilst we were having coffee

Photograph *Sport and General*

"WE DEFY COMPETITION"

Might well be the motto of the Alsatian gentleman, "Mr. Galeart of Fallowdale," the winner of seven "firsts," seen above with his owner, Mrs. R. Walker, at the Southern Counties Championship Dog Show. The show was held in Brighton at the Dome, which was *not* a Dome of Silence on this occasion

after luncheon. They had also helped with the rooms of earlier risers before luncheon. In return, the housemaid and the lady's maid helped the two men to wash up after luncheon, and also after tea if there was a tea-party. One cannot visualise an English butler helping the housemaid to make one's bed in a country-house, but I saw the Austrian butler giving this help to the housemaid many times during my visit.

Another point which struck me was the small amount of sleep with which these men were able to manage. At ten o'clock every evening tea was served, as elaborate a meal as for the afternoon. This was all cleared away and washed up. In England the men-servants generally depart to bed after the drink tray has been taken in, the host putting out any lights that are burning. But in this castle the men waited up until the last guest had gone to bed, then went round the sitting-rooms and corridors putting out the lights and locking up. As some of the guests sat up until one o'clock playing Bridge there were few hours of sleep for the butler and footman, who, soon after six o'clock in the morning, were at work again.

There was one difference, which, of course, lessened the pantry work enormously. We had none of the display of silver which one sees on English dining-tables and sideboards. But in an English house of the same size, with the same number of visitors, and the same amount of entertaining going on, there would have been two footmen and an odd man, at least three housemaids, probably four, and extra help in every department.

"And She Being Careful"

WE have often heard of Scottish thrift. Behold the latest example! A Scottish dowager and her daughter were staying at a fashionable hotel in an equally fashionable seaside resort. One day at luncheon the dowager was overheard to say to the daughter: "My dear, this is the second day you have refused every dish. You had better go to a doctor and get a prescription for your appetite. It is simply waste of money for me to pay for *all* this excellent food when you eat nothing."

Photograph *Farringdon*

ON THE "FAIRWAY" TO SUCCESS

Macdonald Smith, the American golfer, completing a drive of the "nifty" variety in his 72-hole match with George Duncan at Gleneagles. He finally beat his English opponent by 4 up and 3 to play

Photograph *G.P.U.*

SPORT IN SCOTLAND

A cheery crowd of spectators watching the Highland games at the Aboyne gathering in Aberdeenshire. The group includes: Lord Glentanar, wearing a "Balmoral" bonnet, Lady Joan Dalrymple, and Lord Mornington

A Round With the Camera at North Berwick

M[illegible] ESMOND (left), MISS CECIL LEITCH, MISS GREIG, AND MISS DE GUNSBERG

LIEUT.-COL. T. GLYNN AND MRS. GERALD LEIGH

LADY DASHWOOD

THE HON. BARBARA BRAND

LADY MARGARET BINGHAM (left) AND MISS KITTY KINLOCH

Photographs *J. C. H. Balmain and G. W. Day*

Golf, golf and then more golf" is the programme of the visitors to North Berwick, who trek north to play on the famous links. As for the non-golfers, well they just keep away from such a hotbed of the "Royal and Ancient" game

Motley Musings

I do not care if others find
That life exists in other stars;
I only know my peace of mind
The planet mars!

. . . . .

MR. GEST, who produced the *Miracle*, says he would sooner stage an artistic failure than make a fortune. This sounds like a bad joke for a good jest.

. . . . .

A CORRESPONDENT states that men always prefer to sing sentimental songs in the bath. Certainly "The Devout Loofah" is always in great request.

. . . . .

THE rest of the chorus girls at the Lyceum who missed the chance of playing the Merry Widow are a little wistful. It was a case of Sonia and yet so far.

. . . . .

HUNDREDS of wives on their own at seaside resorts can also play the merry widow at a moment's notice.

. . . . .

A RUSSIAN Pole, described as a perfect Adonis, has just been arrested on the charge of getting rid of thirty women. His would seem to be the classic example of a lady-killer.

. . . . .

AT an inquest on a cricketer in the Midlands, the deceased was said "to have gone off the deep end." Even though the ground was under water, it sounds a feeble excuse for suicide.

. . . . .

A PHYSICIAN says that hay fever should not be treated too lightly. And yet it is a complaint that is frequently sneezed at.

"WHAT do you think of Mr. X's acting?"

"I think he's the best male impersonator on the stage."

. . . . .

SCANDAL

"MY dear, have you heard that awful thing about Tony Click?"

"Of course, but do you really think——?"

"I'm positive."

"How terrible. What do they say at his club?"

"Oh, he's finished there."

"And his poor wife?"

"She knows everything."

"Wasn't there any excuse?"

"None whatever. He simply went to bed with both of them!"

(*And the moral is that you can hoard a couple of aces too long.*)

. . . . .

To her mother, Fanny
Wrote this little note:
"Mummy, comfort Nanny;
Daddy's got her goat!"

A SAD STORY

This is the bungalow Jack took

This is the lad
Whose crystal set
Was next to the bungalow Jack took.

This is the dad
Of that lanky lad
Whose crystal set
Was next to the bungalow Jack took.

This is the stern, peremptory note
That in less than a jiffy got the goat
Of the hasty dad
Of that lanky lad
Whose crystal set
Was next to the bungalow Jack took.

This is the whip that in workmanlike style
Was applied to the hide of that juvenile
Who scoffed at the stern, peremptory note
That in less than a jiffy got the goat
Of the hasty dad
Of that lanky lad
Whose crystal set
Was next to the bungalow Jack took.

And this is the lawsuit over the kid,
Where the damages claimed are a hundred quid,
All because of the whip that in workmanlike style
Was applied to the hide of that juvenile
Who scoffed at the stern, peremptory note
That in less than a jiffy got the goat
Of the hasty dad
Of that lanky lad
Whose crystal set
Was next to the bungalow Jack took!

. . . . .

A COMPLAINANT at a police court recently stated that, because another lady smashed her spectacles, she had to consult an optimist. If she ever gets lung trouble, let's hope the doctor won't use a stereoscope.

. . . . .

EXTRACT from a daily paper: "The motorist had a badly wrenched knee and his 'wind' screen was damaged." It looks as though he got it right in the tummy.

. . . . .

THE youth who said that the chief river in Scotland was the Frith of Froth was not so accurate as his brother, who declared it was the Fourth at Bridge.

. . . . .

A COMPETITOR who won a prize in a Limerick competition has been awarded a week at Southend. Having read his effusion, we think he deserves all he's got.

HARTLEY CARRICK

CHAREY-VARIA

BY A. C. BARRETT

"Yes, Mrs. Murgatroyd, you ought to 'ave seen our Bill at the weddin'! 'E wasn't 'arf a lad; new bowler 'at, striped trowsies, orchid in 'is coat, too"
"Awkwid in 'is coat, was 'e? Well, perhaps 'e ain't used to bein' dressed up"

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

LOW TIDE

"The Whirl of the World" AT THE PALLADIUM

Produced March 14, 1924

By "JINGLE" *Illustrated by MACMICHAEL*

WHEN a popular entertainment has been running successfully for some months, and is still playing to crowded houses, with every intention of doing that sort of thing for quite a while yet, I think the public ought to know about it. The Palladium is a huge building, and on the evening of my visit it was packed from floor to ceiling, so that it seemed to me that a very considerable part of the population of the metropolis must have been present. The unrestrained cheers and laughter coming from so far back seem at first like the rumble of distant thunder which increases in volume till it hits the footlights with a roar that must almost be felt. I do not know how fast sound travels at the Palladium, but I can almost imagine when the curtain rises on the second house in the evening the tumultuous applause with which the first house shut down must still be faintly audible.

THE show itself is on an equally vast scale. There are twenty-four scenes, and though they are hustled along one after the other with perfect stage management, it takes a good three hours to get through the lot. The first scene deals with "Crowded London," with Mr. Billy Merson and Miss Nellie Wallace in charge of an hotel that is so packed that the guests have to sleep about fifty in a bed. Under these circumstances, no doubt, snoring is prohibited by the hotel rules. The scene culminates in a giddy little jest that makes us all laugh a good deal; and then Mr. Leslie Sarony is turned on to oblige with song and dance. The dance is quite a remarkable piece of foot-wagging, if I may so express myself without loss of dignity.

NEXT turn, please. This is the sad case of a lady shoplifter who has been caught doing it, and has been followed home by a detective. The shoplifting lady complains tearfully to her landlady that there is a man outside who has been following her for some time, and she does not know what he wants with her. The landlady expresses mild surprise, as she thought all girls knew that. And so on. And then we come to "The Mannequins' Patrol," which exhibits a number of lovely girls dressed in the very latest fashion and a little bit over. This, of course, will delight the ladies of the audience; while the men's turn comes when the lovely creatures are swiftly disrobed by their attendants, almost to the bone, as it were. Next turn! Here is Mr. Walter Williams, who is the star singer of the show, and who, aided by a very competent Beauty Chorus, sings of Rosey-Posey and Love for Ever—and other fables. It is an extremely dainty song that goes with a swing which is clearly to the taste of the vast audience.

A SCENE representing the "Queen's Dolls' House" lends itself naturally to a pretty display of dancing dolls that are all very much alive and kicking. The crowning turn of this scene is a special dance on very modern lines by Mlle. Nattova and M. Myrio, neither of whom can fairly complain of being overclad. Mlle. is as graceful as a flower waving on its stem, and the way M. Myrio picks her up and swings her around just as if she were

an old umbrella is a nice tribute to his physical strength. As the applause dies away two more dolls are pushed ceremoniously into the scene, on a little raised platform. This is the scream of the evening. At first it appears that the newcomers are about to repeat the graceful performance of their predecessors, but it soon transpires that the facts are very obviously otherwise. They are two athletic young men named Nervo and Knox, and their principal drawback is that they are too powerful for their job, with the result that in flinging each other about in the dance they throw a

length or so too far every time. The roar of laughter that greets this turn is so overwhelming that I felt that if I did not hold tightly to my seat I should be in danger of being tempestuously swept into the orchestra. This must be about the funniest turn of its kind in London just now.

But we must push on to "Don-Juan-Up-To-Date," which is the simple story of a lady fair (Miss Nellie Wallace) who is being courted by no fewer than three suitors at once. Girls were evidently not so plentiful in mediæval times as they are now. The lady makes an appointment to meet her suitors on the stroke of the hour of three, when they all turn up punctually and begin to squabble about it. The most favoured suitor is Mr. Billy Merson, who, finding that his tuneful twanging of the guitar does not bring the lady out to her balcony, adopts the more direct method of attracting her attention by heaving a brick through her window. Miss Wallace promptly appears on the scene with an abrupt query couched in terms that she must have acquired from a very competent sergeant-major.

The ice having been thus broken, as it were, Mr. Merson proceeds with his love-making. Unfortunately just as he is on the point of winning the lady's smile, a factory hooter goes, and, as a good Trade Unionist, he at once leaves his job and begins to unroll the bandana handkerchief containing his dinner. This is a rough-and-tumble scene of excellent quality, at which the audience laughed itself positively limp.

Then those two bright young men, Nervo and Knox, take the floor again. This time they appear as wrestlers, and after a brief bout the loser complains that he was not fairly thrown. It is, therefore, agreed to take the match again in the form of a slow-motion picture, so that any flaw in the proceedings may at once be identified. This is a very ingenious idea most skilfully carried out, and confirms my previous suspicions that these two humorists are distinctly muscular. It is one thing to swing a fellow-man abruptly off his feet and throw him over your shoulders with a jerk—though I admit I have never been able to perform the feat myself; but it is quite another thing to pick your man up an inch at a time and push him slowly over your head until he is gently, but conclusively, deposited on the ground. Nervo and Knox should have a bright future. Another most excellent turn is contributed by Mr. Billy Merson, who strolls on in the robust style of the good old-fashioned music-hall artist, and sings a rousing song about the amazing adaptability of the photo of the girl he left behind him. The song goes so well that even after two encore verses have been added to it there is a distinct call for more, and it seemed to me at one time that the audience were almost prepared to follow Mr. Merson into the wings and drag him back to the footlights by main force.

Apart from the genuine and distinctive humour of the production, there are a number of scenes of rare beauty scattered through the programme. "The Mantle" is a splash of gorgeousness that must be seen to be believed; while there is a very beautiful scene entitled "Rose in Bloom," described by Mr. Walter Williams in graceful song, while Miss Carlita Ackroyd, as a crimson rose, blooms and lives and fades away. A domestic scene of wild humour is that entitled "Neighbours." As we are to have a lot of so-called "Temperance" legislation sprung on us in the near future, you should go and laugh at this scene while you may. *The Whirl of the World* is a truly wonderful show. JINGLE

The Lure of the East

Photograph *James Wallace Pondelicek*

MLLE. THEO HEIVES

The famous American dancer in an Eastern number which suggests the sinuous grace which is the recognised sign of all the dancing that hails from "somewhere east of Suez"

PARISIANA. By "Rene"

ILLUSTRATED BY MARCEL PONCIN

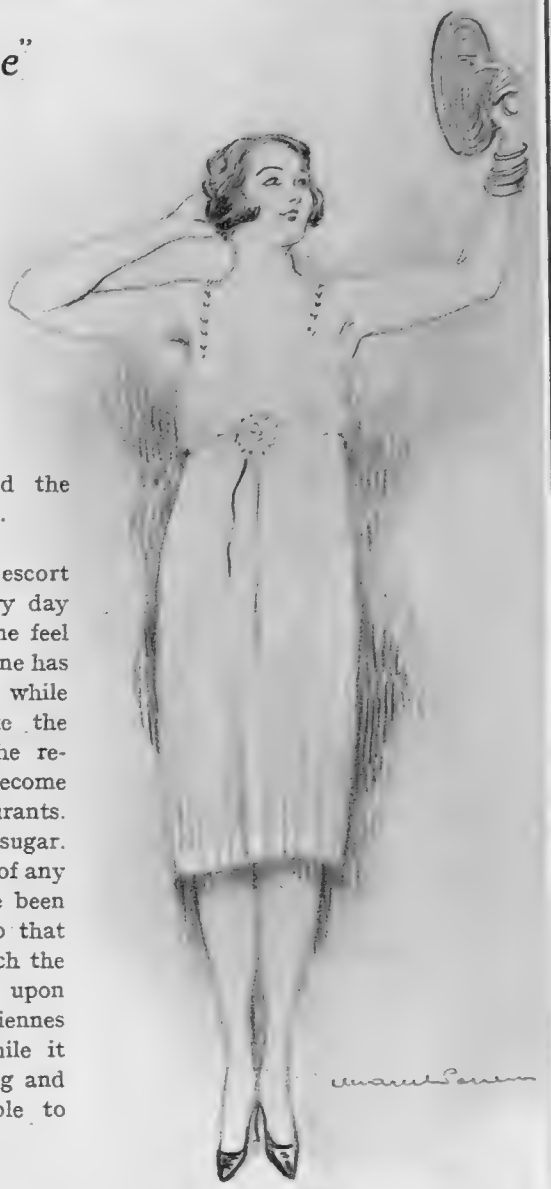
MES AMIS—

YOU will possibly be stimulated by the information that our circle of feminine acquaintances is again extending. It appears that they have become tired of being thin, to keep in line with the fashion *à la planche*, and are now moving gorge-ously—perhaps "gorgingly" would be more precise—in the direction of *embonpoint*. They are now revelling in three meals, three hearty meals, a day, a custom which for some twelve months they had resolutely shunned.

IT is now obvious that they have re-established friendly intercourse with the *maître d'hôtel*, who for long had been dragging his disheartened self around with sad *mien* because his most tempting *plats* and most succulent confections were passed by coldly by the flesh-fleeing *élégantes*, turning every day into Friday. This is very good news for M. Say, who manufactures nearly all the sugar which is consumed in France. He should certainly be able to say "Say it with music."

PERHAPS it is a revelation of over-sharpened suspicions, but I can't help feeling that M. Say has had a very big say in this matter, this matter of more matter, and that somewhere behind this change of fashion there is a *combinazione*. Personally, I am entirely in sympathy with the principle, and if I had been let into the secret I would have co-operated with thoroughness, for I am all against the *planches mode* and the Spartan *régime* which it involved.

IT is most unpleasant to act as escort to *demoiselles* who turn every day into a *jour maigre*. It makes one feel a terrible *gourmand* by the time one has got through the *hors d'œuvres*, while the rest of the meal seems like the grossest gluttony, even with the restricted portions that have now become habitual in many of the restaurants. I hope M. Say sells a lot more sugar. Not because I think he is in need of any more wealth, for his prices have been unpleasantly high for a while so that he can't have felt the pinch which the fashion martyrs have imposed upon themselves, but because Parisiennes were becoming scraggy and while it may suit other women to be long and lean, it was not at all suitable to Parisiennes. When winter comes I hope they will have changed from gaunt to *gras*. And *en passant*, that would make rather a good *devise* for M. Say.



"They are now moving gorge-ously"

"With sad mien because . . ."

IN the Paris restaurants, where there is music during the *heures du repas*, and where one can dance during the long waits, a strange symptom is to be observed just now—just now meaning the tourist season. You will find the majority of the people at the tables is made up of Americans and Argentines, folk fond of somewhat violent music, which they have imposed on Europe for such dances as the fox-trot and the Samba. It is the custom of the *chef d'orchestre* to stroll among the tables and ask the clients to select whatever *morceau* they would like his men to play. You would expect them to call all the time for the stirring stuff which is looked upon as their national form of musical self-expression. Not a bit of it.

THEY demand the most languorous melodies of the old Continent,

the meditations of Thais, the *rêves* of Manon. It is the sparsely scattered French people who ask for the clash and clamour of the fox-trot and the slap-bang accompaniment to the Samba. Apparently the travellers from the two Americas want to forget orchestral violences between the *potage* and the *dessert*. They may go all right with American cooking, but they are quite inappropriate to the calmer atmosphere of the French cuisine. It is a good point in their favour that they don't hesitate to recognise this and put their discovery into effect. They make up for their abstention afterwards, of course, when the dancing begins. But we, too, like their music best for dancing.

"La Samba"

EARLY in the summer there was a general impression that the proprietors of the most popular *dancings*, the newer ones within walking distance of the Opera as well as the new and old favourites in Montmartre, were likely to have a bad season. Some of them exhibited an unusual despondency when discussing the subject of finances, and it was understood that one or two of them were dropping into the hands of the receiver. After hearing some figures which came my way the other night, one can only wonder what sort of revenue is obtained from these establishments in a good season, for there are many well-established businesses which would be glad to show returns within comparative distance of these "poor" ones. *Benefices* running into several hundred thousands of francs do not sound much like poverty when you remember that June, one of the best months normally, was a very bad patch on account of the heat, which drove the crowds of most lavish spenders earlier than usual to the cooler floors of the Bois de Boulogne.

INCIDENTALLY, by this time, the most successful of the new Montmartre houses, "Kiley's," should have passed out of existence. There will still be a *dancing* at the same number in the Rue Fontaine, but the taxi-drivers will have to learn another name, may be one that will present them with fewer difficulties than that of "Kiley's" as pronounced by English and Americans. The business was a partnership, and as Kiley and his colleague did not see eye to eye, the old running champion let himself be bought out. With the hundreds of thousands of francs that were necessary to effect this, I suppose Kiley will set up another "Kiley's" in time for next winter, the name being left to the old place for but a month or two. If so he will certainly charge more for champagne than anyone else, knowing that that is a far better advertisement than offering similar attractions at a lower price than his rivals. RENÉ

"To ask the clients what morceau they would like"

VISITORS in Switzerland are complaining that the hotels are overrun by cheap trippers who are "personally conducted" in droves. Is this a case of too many Cooks?

. . . .

A SUFFOLK duck has laid 225 eggs in 225 days. Personally, we've not had a great batting season, but it's not been as bad as that.

Sport for Charity

Athletics ruled supreme at the Crystal Palace last Saturday, September 3, when the third annual contest for the *Financial Times* Challenge Shield took place. The contest, which was in aid of the big London hospitals, was open to members of the Banks, Stock Exchange, Insurance Offices and Hospitals, the programme including all the usual flat events, high and long jumps, and a mile relay race. That the entire proceeds might be divided between the big London hospitals, the *Financial Times* again paid all the expenses of the meeting.

BY WILL OWEN

PLAYING THE LIKE

POLO AT

Our artist's impression of the new polo ground at Beyris, half-way between Biarritz and Bayonne, which was opened la
the middle of September and, at

BY BLANI

BIARRITZ

ast year by the King of Spain. The polo season at Biarritz starts in August, the Summer season continuing to between the latest, the middle of October

Photograph *G. P. A.*

A SUMMER STUDY

Madeline Murlock, who is said to be the most perfectly proportioned girl on the films, is here seen going a long way to support the contention of her admirers

MRS. BELLAMY

by

F. LE GROS CLARK

TWENTY miles out of London lies Sollworth, swelling genteelly mansion by mansion. The quality of the place is unique and like a very rare vintage; and, happily, one can see no reason why it should ever be watered down. It is surrounded by clean and agreeable estates and inhabited by such professional men as catch the 10.13 most mornings, and are often home by tea in the tennis season. The peculiarly fine flavour of Sollworth springs from the pleasant manner in which all newcomers have mingled with established residents. Fresh houses were built—but always decorously and at select intervals from one another. Professional men and their families discovered it more amusing to be "country town" than to be suburban—and those already in took such a grip upon the place that it will never be easy to alter things. Some call this grip senseless and paralysing; but it has results. It is refreshing to find in Sollworth how much everyone knows—and cares—about their neighbours' secrets. There is no solitude—and very little interchange of suspicion. The bouquet one sniffs at local dances and garden-parties is, astonishing though it may seem—provincial, and almost rustic. They discuss wills and weddings, age and undergarments as closely and particularly as though they were ten miles from a railway and eighty from a metropolis.

Among other matters, they talked over Mrs. Bellamy; and certainly she was an arresting creature. It was surprising, they said when she first arrived, that the woman apparently left three married daughters and a grandchild or so in the North of England. After the daughters had visited their mother and there could be no further doubt, the drawing-rooms settled seriously to the problem of Mrs. Bellamy. Her style was analysed ribbon by ribbon—her manner dissected—her toilet scientifically reconstructed . . . and still there remained an unaccountable something.

If you had said "well-preserved," you would have been short of the appropriate mark. Mrs. Bellamy had drifted into Sollworth like a shred of mist; when uncloaked she was seen to be tall, very fair and with a skin like a white oriental fruit, pale but obviously well-warmed. She had a way of balancing slimly against a mantelshelf, as though perched there upon an elbow, and veiling herself in cigarette smoke. She was lively and mobile—feeling that, if she poised for long there would creep out that inevitable plumpness below her chin, and along the edge of her superb corsage. She commented in a smart labial style that concealed the growing harshness of her voice. It was impossible to believe her almost fifty; and in a month all men with any freedom of thought had given up the attempt.

Mrs. Bellamy's toilet was an affair of stately precision; but it was quite ingenious. She studied herself as she studied her drawing-room; both were largely alluring and repaid her attention. In fact, while she staggered Sollworth she, apparently, got no further than slightly mystifying herself; but she did not trouble to solve her own problem. Lady Patcham, the new tenant of Sollworth Court, remarked once to a select party that Mrs. Bellamy must achieve her colour by will-power and nothing else. "I can tell at a glance," said Lady Patcham, "that no peroxide has approached *that* hair, my dears. It is *natural* . . . will-power only." No doubt Mrs. Bellamy had slipped dreamily down to the same conclusion.

She got on well with Lady Patcham, who was sixty at least and owned to a margin of mellow tolerance. When Lady Patcham probed and twisted and lifted her eyebrows, Mrs. Bellamy would merely open her blue eyes to an almost unquestionable wideness and answer like a child.

"Why did you come down from the North, Mrs. Bellamy?"

"Why, I was born in Sollworth, of course. I lived here till I was eighteen. My father was the curate then."

"Oh!" Lady Patcham, the immigrant, was conscious of the stream of tenants that had preceded herself in Sollworth Court. She coughed irritably.

"You naturally know," said Mrs. Bellamy, "that Sollworth was merely the littlest village in those days. Some of the old rustics still remember me; isn't it charming? Sollworth Court was almost the only house of any size; it was owned by people called Blaxland. . . ."

"I can well believe it," said Lady Patcham.

. . . . . .

Such a place is Sollworth, and such was the Mrs. Bellamy who lived on there—without death or the shadow of change—for ten years. Her eldest grandson went to a public school—and she chatted about it, literally without turning one of her gold-wire hairs. This kind of thing, decided Sollworth, cannot go on for ever; one receives the impression of a score of comfortable households—from Lady Patcham's down to the Vicarage—all holding breath with stop-watches in their hands, waiting for the first grey signal of distress. Mrs. Bellamy drifted to and fro; her bearing was beyond reproach.

There was a lunch-time in September, when a note was delivered to her from the Court; old Lady Patcham had written it herself.

"My dear Mrs. Bellamy,—Will you *please* take tea with me this afternoon? I have received a curious visitor this morning, and have persuaded him, after great difficulty, to stay and meet you. I am *sure* you will be glad to gather up links with your past. This is a Mr. Charles Blaxland, son of the family that formerly resided here. . . ."

Mrs. Bellamy fidgeted with a table-knife and began to rearrange the chrysanthemums. She sauntered round to the mirror and touched her hair.

Charlie Blaxland . . .yes, naturally one recalled him. How quaint that *he* should have visited Sollworth again—very quaint indeed! She found herself thinking, for some inconceivable reason, of the small woods behind Sollworth Court; so she walked languidly back to the letter.

"Now I dare say *you* know a great deal more than I do what has gone on in Sollworth; but *I* have certainly heard curious stories about *one* of the young Blaxlands; and if my memory isn't failing me, it was this one. We must have a chat about it all later. He went into Commerce, you know, and was *arrested* for fraudulent dealings of some nature. Since he *came out*, he has been abroad. I am greatly enjoying the sensation of entertaining a gentlemanly gaol-bird"; and the letter rambled on.

"Oh! yes, of course," said Mrs. Bellamy, tapping her knife on the table. "Yes, of course, Lady Patcham . . . yes, of course." The old scandal had been raked up and she felt impatient with Sollworth. She saw Lady Patcham writing the note, and thought of her as an objectionable old vulture clawing over garbage. The contrast struck her between Lady Patcham's shrivelled cheeks and the extremely black hair and eyes of Charlie Blaxland. She hated Lady Patcham.

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

The letter completed itself, and Mrs. Bellamy began to twist it over and over as though she were rinsing the ink out of it. Then she walked to the mirror and again patted her hair. Her eyes were very large and dreamy, but she was not thinking of anything important. Woods behind Sollworth Court came into her mind again—then one corner of the churchyard—and then something about a first-class carriage. Mrs. Bellamy evaded them all and believed it would be pleasant to see Charlie Blaxland again. It dawned on her—quite an amusing thought—that in her first and original decision to return to Sollworth she had remembered Charlie and wondered if he ever visited the place now . . . black clipped moustaches and hands that had lifted her over a stile as no hands ever since. . . . She had supposed it very unlikely that he *would* come. Yet here he was. How quaint!

Mrs. Bellamy dressed herself with especial care that afternoon, and swept smoothly in electric-blue through the falling beech-leaves of the Court. At one point she paused and crossed the stretch of grass and azalea bushes to a small wooden gate. Beyond it lay a wide triangular field, and for ten minutes she leaned on the gate thinking quite unemotionally of Charles Blaxland's short moustache and the shape of his lips. . . . She also recalled, piece by piece, the clothes she had been wearing that day; they would be very unfashionable now.

After ringing the bell, she felt suddenly cold and looked back down the drive, as though to catch sight of an impertinent east wind. Then she felt strangely excited and clapped together the palms of her gloves several times. She was shown in, flushed and elegant.

Lady Patcham sat in her own chair; her youngest daughter was whispering to the manservant. Beyond the fire-place rose a bald old gentleman, to whom Mrs. Bellamy paid no attention; she was looking curiously round the room for a black-clipped moustache. Her eyes largened and turned towards Lady Patcham for an answer.

"Here is Mr. Blaxland," said Lady Patcham industriously; and the bald old gentleman with waxed white moustache and quite friendly eyes trotted forward; he had firm hands and smelt comfortably of starch and expensive cigarettes.

Mrs. Bellamy managed to save herself the trouble of thinking. She got it clearly into her mind that certain remarks had to be achieved. She went through them languidly, wondering once or twice why she felt so breathless.

"How do you do, Charlie? It's delightful to see you again. I've often thought of you. You must tell me all your adventures. . . ."

Arriving home that evening, Mrs. Bellamy had a sense first that the house smelt mustily—and then that the furniture was, somehow, displaced. She turned on the light, opened a window or so, and frowned as plaintively as she had ever frowned in her life. The mirror, as she took off her hat, frowned as perplexedly back at her. She stood in the centre of her bedroom and glanced over one shoulder and then over the other for a sign of dust or disorder. She sighed and thought of Lady Patcham and Lady Patcham's youngest daughter, and the manservant and the buttered scones. It occurred to her for a while that the scones might have disagreed with her.

Oh, discomfort! . . . somewhere she sensed an untidiness, a lack of harmony. Where was the eau-de-Cologne? It eased a little. Perhaps she had caught a chill walking down the drive. . . .

Bald head . . . of course—she had met Charlie Blaxland again. Waxed white moustache . . . how quaint. Now—to consider—what was wrong with her? Why was she feeling so breathless? It must be something in the air—a *storm* coming up. She looked out of the window for a time, thinking about her garden. . . .

The light from her room fell upon one last rose—one golden rose—that had outflourished all its generation. The thought of it pierced her strangely. She began to hiccough painfully . . . poor thing, all alone, all alone in its youth! . . . and she turned away.

She *still* felt . . . funny. It was puzzling. Life was all very puzzling. Some people trouble their brains so much about things. The tightness again . . . a bald head . . . trotting feet. She sighed and padded herself with the eau-de-Cologne . . . trouble their brains about things, and *she* would have had enough to puzzle about if she had cared. For example why . . .? But Mrs. Bellamy never came so far as to formulate any of the problems.

Instead she took a paper and sat down by her fire.

The flames of it flickered, gusting out their comfort to her; she drew closer and closer to them; with knitted face she was reading very carefully through the specialist's report on an oilfield in Roumania. It consumed a column and a half; she did not comprehend a word. Finishing it, she turned to the political news with unaltered expression. She held out one hand to the warmth, gently swaying it to and fro. . . .

Suddenly there was a stir. Mrs. Bellamy had risen. Her mouth opened like a happy child's—she blinked her eyes several times. She could not be said to have made a discovery; that was beyond her; and yet solution had come. She laughed softly and patted her hands together—looked apprehensive at her own laughter—and then laughed again. She took off her shoes and tossed them loosely beneath the bed. She removed her gown and her corsets and slowly stretched her arms. In an hour she would be dining alone. Her hair came down, strand by strand, and she pulled it over her shoulders and seemed to examine it.

Three minutes passed. Then Mrs. Bellamy slipped her dressing-gown about her, dropped back into the chair, moved her feet towards the fire—and followed the rest of her generation into a belated Old Age.

F. Le Gros Clark

A CAR-PING CRITIC By L. R. Brightwell

Undefeated American: "Say. Have we started yet?"

A Highland "Game" Gathering

LORD INVERCLYDE'S SHOOTING-PARTY AT ROSNEATH

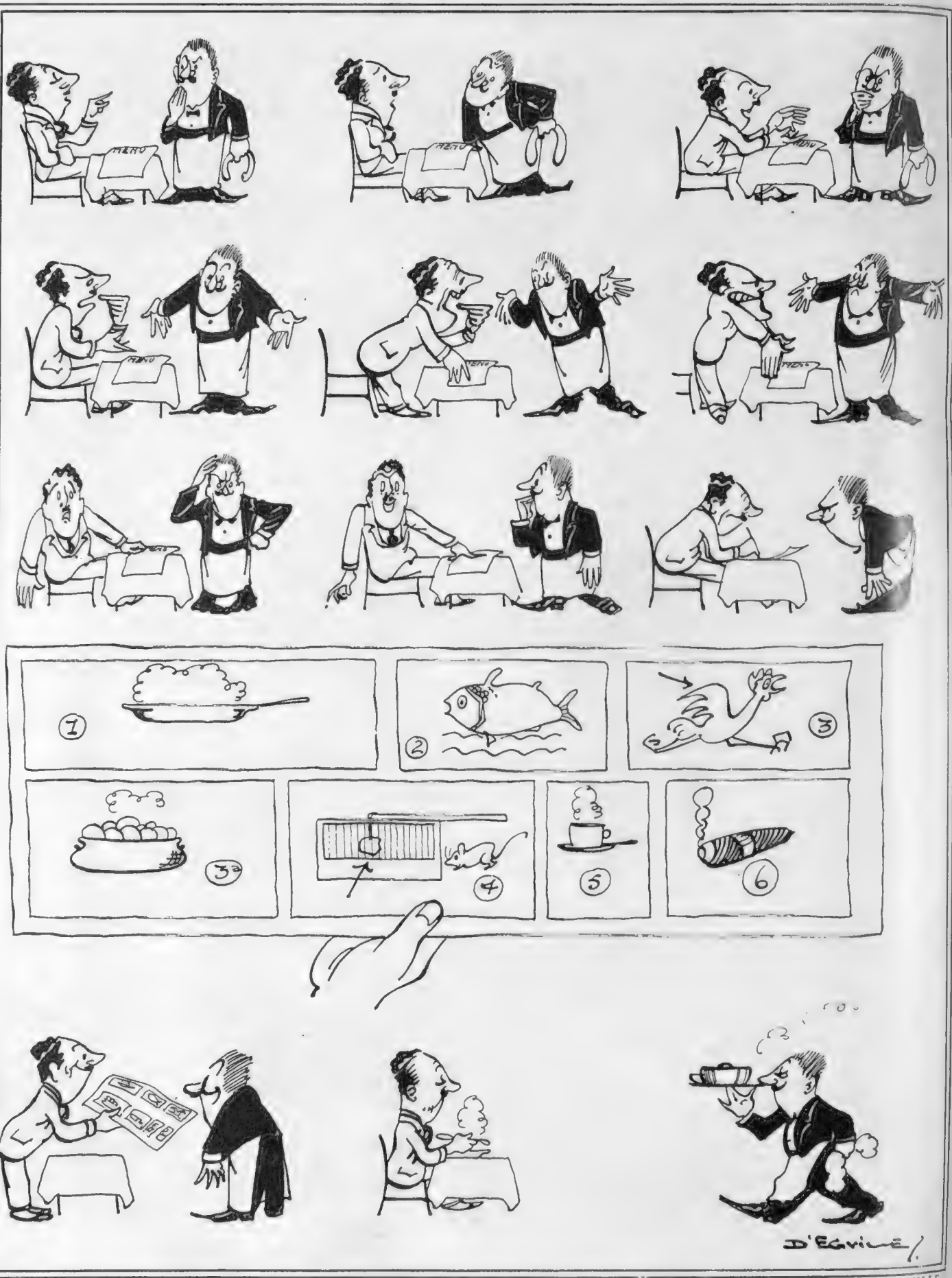
CAPTAIN C. H. BRASSEY

Photographs LIEUT.-COMMANDER GERALD McKENNA

Sport and General LORD INVERCLYDE AND THE HON. OLIVE CAMPBELL

Some of the members of Lord Inverclyde's shooting-party which recently shot over Rehane Moor, Rosneath

Clever Beyond Words—



BY D'EGVILLE

—Or the Man Who Couldn't Speak French

YOGO HAMA'S GLOOMY PROGNOSTICS

"Savage Bolos with bombs and knives"

MOST DEAR HON. SIR—

ARE this not a very terrible and catastrophic condition of matters as we find them to date? Already I have extensive winds up and expect them to become more so. No sooner than I return to the metropolis, but I find we are intimidated with perils from all round the compass and other quarters, so that I fear daily to become imbroiled in cataplasm or suchly eruption which shall produce our complete extinctions, if not more so.

"Come, Mr. Y. Hama, this are very glumpish prologuing. Kindly to inform why these fevered tremblings and other liver symptoms," you beseek?

Perhapsly, hon. Sir, you do not pursue with studious assiduity the newsprints and other daily organs, else you should not ask so ignoramus question. Do they not inform to tell us how, in every fraction of the habituated globe, we are confront with the most stupendous perils which we cannot escape from by any means? Indeedly, when I read the leader writings of aforesaidly newsprints, I grow very deathlessly pale and wish I were dead or had not ever given birth.

For instants and most of all, we have the Bolshist peril which only to contemplate produces in 1 very tremendous quakes. I do not now negotiate to turn a corner without fearful tremors of meeting 3 or several savage Bolos armed with bombs or knives or other non-peaceful utensils, waiting to eschew from me the 2 or 3/-'s which my lodgings-lady has permit me to retain. How non-describably curdling it are to the marrows to contemplate what we shall transpire if saidly Bolos make to invade this Anglo hemisphere, like as King Wm. Conqueror at Hastings A.D who passed a Bill that all Anglo persons should be descended from him under pain of death. Even today this Bill has not suffered abrogation, as you shall discover by asking to inquire his ancestors of any person in Tooting or other good breeding suburbs. How, I demand to require, shall we imbottle our feelings when we are not permit to shave or purchase hair-cuts by Act of Parliament, but only to wear moujiks, live in soviets (communistic lodgings abodes) and sing a Red Flag? O yes, that makes you to sit up very smartishly and take some notices. Howeverly, I shall not spare your pains, but continue to rub them in very severeishly for good warnings. The time may perhapsly approach when you shall have to be called "Hon. Editorski of the Bystandervitch" and I shall ensignature myself "Comrade Yogoski Hamavitch" and we shall all be 2nd or 3th internationals.

"Humbly present them with bags of British cashes"

"But, Mr. Y. Hama, these are very exaggeration prognostics. Hon. Brtsh Governments would not permit to ensue so terrific barbarics," you repart like the feathered ostrich who digs his head in the desert so persons shall not think he is laying eggs. Ha, ha, I repop, that shows only how very ignoramus you are and do not see a nose before your face. Have you not read "No Surrender," which makes to inform how Hon. Brtsh Governments and other M.P.'s have kowed-towed to the Bolshists, also made to humbly present them with bags of British cashes? Perhapsly, I should not feel surprise, we shall have passed a Bill that no persons must sing national or other anthems, but only the Red Flag. Indeedly, a very authentic Hon. friend has inform me straight from the stables that we shall soonly have to obscurify all royal words and other loyal offensives like "H.M.S." and "Dieu et mon droit," so they shall not hurt the so delicate sensitives of our sweetish beloved Bolshist fraternals. Then we shall all be very free and equal and I shall preamble to the office to discover Hon. cashier who I shall then administer a fraternal punch and say "Comrade Cashierski, pray produce me at 1-ce a 1,000 £'sovitch, otherwisely I shall make you a bad reportings and you will go to the Siberias." That should be very nice perks, if only another Bolo did not

"Obscurify all royal words"

appear and say, "Comrade Yogoski, decant me your 1,000 £'ski, else I shall kill you for being so non-fraternal."

"But, Mr. Y. Hama, these are very scarish and non-cheeful prognostics. Cannot you discover to find a silver, or even perhapsly an electro-plate lining to these so darkish clouds?" you impray? Alasly, Hon. Sir, the news-prints do not permit I should produce you these balms, but ceaselessly to the contrary day by day. Also I went 2 or 3 days before last to a soother to read prognostics in my hands, and she made foretell some very big catastrophics on them, which I shall now inform you for warnings.

"This, Mr. Y. Hama, are very disastrous palm I have ever exposed," she inform. "I prognose you have achieved a longish journey from the East, also that you have ancestors there. Are this not O.K.?"

"To read prognostics in my hands"

"Indeedly yes," I response. "How did you succeed to acquire these so extra-ordinary wisdoms?"

"Also, Mr. Y. Hama, you are not Anglo-English by birth, but only from adoptions."

"I cannot constrain to imagine how you achieve these so miraculous know-ledges!" I declam.

"Hist, Mr. Y. Hama. You also possess very ultra supurb linguistics and are a very world-wide literary person, much sought in high circles and other upper intellectual 10's. Also you enjoy frenzies like as Hon. Sir Wordsworth, Hon. Mrs. W. Wilcox, the Hon. Sitwells and other divine afflati."

"This are so extremely true, it should be artificial modesties to deny him," I inform. "Kindly to continue *ad* and *lib*."

"Alasly, the clouds grow obfusticate. I see in your palm, Mr. Y. Hama, potents of eruptions, storms, gales and other revolutions. It tells me that the Houses of Parliaments shall explode on or about November 5rd, but I cannot depict the year. Likewisely I see a fog which tells me we shall have 25/- in the £ income taxings and 99¾ per cent. tax duty f.o.b on all persons who have the goodish lucks to die. O yes, and I read that in 1925-6-7 and thereabouts, we shall have rain all the holidays, which will be very wet, also petrol fluid shall be 27/6 per gal."

"A severeish concussion between earth and Mars"

"Kindly not to hesitate further cataclysmic prognostics," I beseek "I did not think I have so interesting palms."

"Then I must inform there shall be severeish concussion between earth and Mars in November or December, which will end in a very terrific international combustion. I could depict you more catastrophics, but they should perhapsly rouse your apprehensions. This shall be 10/6."

Hoping, Hon. Sir, that your good healths continue, also that you have happy and gay spirits, I remain

Yogo Hama

Photograph *Topical*

"YOUTH WILL HAVE ITS FLING"

Some of the young competitors in the "Highland Fling" Scottish Championship, one of the features of the Highland Games at Dunoon. The winner, Annie Halyburton, of Glasgow, is seen third from the left

An Artist's Calf-Holiday

BY J. TOUCHET

Many people imagine that an attractive display of —er— "nether limbs" is to be obtained only on the Continent. However, the above impressions, culled by a French artist whilst in England, show that there is still plenty to catch the seeing eye in this "dull" land of ours

PEOPLE AT PLAY

A LITTLE TENNIS. By "PENDARVES"

My hostess had written, and underlined, "*bring a racquet.*" She had written this about three times in the course of her correspondence anent my coming to them for the inside of a week. These "insides" of a week in the country are the devil, as I shall presently show. Each time I had answered her categorical instructions courteously, as befits a well-brought-up guest. The first time I said, writing with qualms in a postscript, "Will bring racquet. Afraid very out of practice. Hope that doesn't matter." The second time I felt I had better put myself on record clearly by writing, in red ink, "I say, I am the world's worst tennis-player. Are you all very hot stuff? Hope not." In her third letter, composed chiefly of detailed instructions about my bringing down the gilt drawing-room clock, under repair at Selrods ("please see that they pack it properly"), she had ignored my tentative remark as to their tennis warmth, thereby confirming my worst fears, and had merely said, as it were *en passant*, "On no account forget your tennis things. We have got some amusing people coming over." I supposed that it would be rather amusing for them, if not for me, and replied, "Won't forget racquet—wish I could."

It seemed that the really *good* people were coming on Wednesday and Thursday, the others were, "Well, you know, just ordinaries, the hit and scream type." I felt instinctively drawn towards the screamers, and said so; but was assured that I should wish them further when I saw them. That was as may be, but upon my affirming hastily that it was imperative, in the interests of several important periodicals, I should go back to London on Wednesday morning, first train, a chilly silence fell. Broken by mine host, who came out of a long glass, looked at his wife, and muttered, "That's done it."

"How do you mean—that's done it—done what?"

"My dear boy, these girls comin' over on Thursday are real flyers. You know—all-one-piece-frocks, no sleeves, shingled hair, and hit like kickin' horses. We've asked them over specially to give you some sort of a game—bit o' class, take it from me. . . ."

I believed every word he said, but still remained regretfully adamant. It was safer.

However, they became mollified at the prospect of getting my opinion of the new hard court, finished only last month. "Impervious to weather, ol' man. No infernal mowing. Play all winter. . . ." It seemed to me a bit soft on top, dotted about with suspicious looking heel marks, and the white lines rapidly assuming the prevailing red tint of the whole. But I expressed wonder and admiration, as befits a—but you would do the same. And, under orders, I went and changed.

It appeared that "the people" were not coming over until to-morrow. Meanwhile we had better have a knock up, don't you know, just to get our eye in. This consisted of my playing, in single court, host and hostess in double. I was assured that, being out of practice, I should have all the advantage this way. "You get more of the game, and both services." I must say I have got a most beautiful racquet. Even *they* admitted that. It is called "The Centrestrung Super"; tantalus gut bearing the carved autograph of some Wimbledon Master. It cost best part of a fiver. It does one of three things, when with me. It either hits the ball "ping" into the next parish; or it hits it "pong" ("pong" absolutely guaranteed) into the net.

My hostess is one of those fat, placid women who stand rooted like an oak on the base line and prods them back at you with the monotonous regularity of a dripping bath tap. My host is of those with a reach like a giraffe. Nothing more need be said about this knock-up, except that I maintained the traditions and customs of the *genus Lepus*; that they learned all they wanted to know, and more; that curiously enough, we talked no tennis that evening; that we played three-handed bridge, and that I lost thirty-eight and sixpence nett.

The next day it rained. Although the court is impervious to weather, the people about the county who, I am told, flock to it on bicycles and side-cars apparently are not. They didn't come. It cleared after lunch. But it looked like rain again at any moment, and although the court positively itched to be played on, they didn't come. There is no telephone, the post office being an old lady's parlour, where stamps are sold (between 11—1 and 4—5 p.m. only) out of one of the late Squire's cigar-boxes.

It appears to be very difficult in most parts of the tennis-playing counties to "make up a four" at the last moment. The next day, to my host's horror, came two postcards of regret that So-and-So couldn't come over that day, and two fatuous excuses were read out at breakfast.

Thereupon we mounted bicycles under a hot sun, he and I, and searched the countryside for a fourth, for my benefit. We halted, and were refreshed, at four tennis strongholds, at each of which they looked frankly amused at the idea of tennis *this afternoon*.

"Don't be silly, my dear man. I could come over on Wednesday week. Booked up every day until then. No, half a minute. Wednesday week, let's see, that's the 27th, isn't it? Of course, that's the Pocklington tournament day—that until Friday, the 29th—sorry. *Do* have another drink, won't you?"

However, we got a little tennis. A very little. On my first evening. None after. Perhaps this was as well for them. It certainly was for me.

IN A MANNER OF SPEAKING By Stan Terry

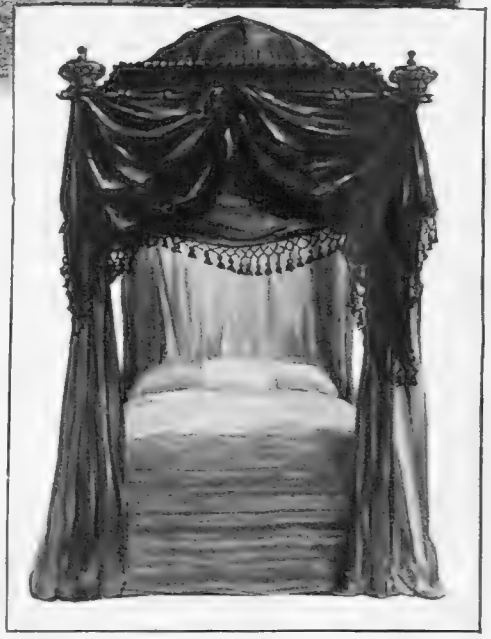
Club "Pro": "Your trouble is, sir, that you don't address the ball properly"
Novice: "Well, I was polite to the dam thing for as long as possible"

The Dining Hall, Newstead Abbey.

"Huge halls, long galleries, spacious chambers joined
"By no quite lawful marriage of the arts
"Might shock a connoisseur; but when combined
"Form a whole, which irregular in parts
"Yet formed a grand impression on the mind
"At least of those whose eyes are in their hearts."

NO better description than this word picture of Lord Byron's could be given of his ancestral home, ancient Newstead Abbey, that magnificent relic of monastic design and mediæval architecture. The older portion owes its existence to Henry II., who built and endowed this with many another abbey in expiation of Thomas à Becket's death. Happily have these abbey buildings been united to the 16th century castellated mansion of the Byrons. Among the many apartments of great historic interest are the tapestried rooms of Edward III., Henry VIII., and the great dining room, finished in the olden style, once the monks' refectory.

This old building plays no part in martial tale or civic strife, but it charms with a wonderful individuality, particularly because of its associations with Lord Byron, who here spent his happiest hours.
Individuality is not confined to a person or a building. John Haig Scotch Whisky possesses it by virtue of outstanding merit—maturity and quality unrivalled. Since 1627 it has attained universal fame.



Lord Byron's Bed.

Dye Ken
John Haig?

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38.

SO THIS IS LONDON!

By Blanchette. *Illustrated by HELEN McKIE*

"Quite a lot of Lire to the Pound"

LONDON, *September* 8

DEAR COUSIN—

WHAT lovely things we do seem to be learning about London, these days. Also how numerous, varied and utterly unsuspected the details thereof. And *quelle verve* and *élan* and joyous juiciness, so to speak, to be discovered likewise in the method of instruction therein, even to those of us who had just about up till now b'lieved ourselves more or less experienced not to say *blasé* connoisseurs of this old home town of ours.

EXPLANATION of all which lying, need I tell you, in the d'lightful topsy-turviness of everything, or anyway quite a lot of things, this so-called summer. I mean to say, not sure we should ever have really stumbled all by ourselves on such perf'ctly fasc'nating spots as the Tower and the Zoo and the National Gallery, and the British Museum, and the Tate Gallery, and the rest, not to mention Abbeys and Cathedrals and Hampton Court and Kew Gards., etcet., 'thout some sort of outside guidance.

'COURSE, if it was Paris it'd be quite diff'rent, wouldn't it—no missing the "Victory" or any of the other marv'lous things at the Louvre and Notre Dame, and places, even if we were only there for a few hours or so. Or the Bargello or the Pitti or the Uffizi at Florence, and that lovely bridge over the Arno, with all the jewellers' shops, and the hilly Boboli Gardens, and the great dark soothing Duomo, and the sweet blue della Robbia medallions of babies in the Spedale degli Innocenti, that we've copied so 'propriately in our own wonderful Infants' Hospital in Vincent Square.

S'POSING we went back to golden Rome once more, too—oh rapturous golden thought—shouldn't hardly be likely, should we, to forget the Forum, all divinely twined around with flowers 'bout this time? . . . I wonder, by the way, how the little roses in the Temple of Vesta are looking, that clustered, last time I saw it in the September sunshine, so proudly blushing around the little sunk bath in the middle. Or the great glorious statues of the Terme or the wonderful things of the Vatican—the Colosseum that still lives spite of horrible guides and people, and even the rather too c'lossally garish fineries of St. Peter's. . . .

OR if it was Venice or Brussels or Madrid. . . . But here in London now it's taken a whole proper honest-to-goodness invasion of our own people, as you might say, to show us, for once, our own really rather 'stonishingly 'ceptional, and quite fairly historical "sights." Famous and much talked of adventure, f'rinstance, of feeding the pigeons in the Piazza San Marco at Venice being proved by experience—at instigation of Empire and other visitors, 'cluding Scottish cousins who've come down to see us 'stead of us going up to see them 'cos of Wembley, but that's by the way—where was I? . . . Oh, yes, really not *much* difference that you'd notice in the self-same pleasant pigeon-feeding pastime or occupash. as pursued in the (mark you) also not entirely unhistoric, if I mistake me not, precincts of St. Paul's.

"In Paris of course it'd be quite different"

SOMEWHAT more smuts I admit in the latter spot, also grit—but after all you can't have *everything*, and in return if you *should* happen to be swapping climates any time soon you'll find 'nless I'm mistaken that there's really quite a rather 'ceptional lot of *lire* to the £. And really not sure I want to wander along to other climes partic'ly either, just these days—such an enthralling game, you know, this exploring and discovering London, under, of course, proper guidance.

HAVE already bought a Baedeker's *London* meself, and in comp'ny with provincial friends and others, have got to know more 'bout the historic monuments, etcet., thereof than I should otherwise ever have acquired to my dying day, in the course of a long and blameless life. All sorts of wonderful pictures there are in London, I do assure you—and not only at the Leicester Galleries when Mr. Nevinson or Mr. Epstein or "Max" are giving their brilliant little shows of the moment. All sorts of grimy buildings, too, with strange romantic memories that we never think of as we pass by, care-laden, to work or carelessly to our dinner or theatre or dance.

SIMPLY loathe and detest all proverbs and pop'lar sayings, I do, but must

(Continued on page 626)

Notes on choosing a Wine

Sauterne

You may pay a high price for a bottle of Sauterne, and yet be disappointed. But you can make sure of satisfaction if you order Sauterne bearing the name and brand of those who select, ship, and guarantee their wines.

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say sometimes think there may, p'raps, be a sort of grain of truth in that ancient saw or *obiter dictum* 'bout the onlooker seeing a bit more than the one that's act'lly on the spot, what? Anyway, have enrolled *myself* 'mong the new Knights of Columbus, or aboriginal Discoverers of London—'tany rate, for the duration of the present conflict or invasion of the Metrop. by the aforesaid friendly enemies that are so determinedly spying out the land, as you might say, and taking London in its summer sleep more or less by storm.

FAIRLY waking us up, you know, they really have been, these forces from the remote parts of the country, which includes also the Dominions *and* (as, after all, they *did* once belong to us) the U.S. Not only forcing us, for very shame, to go and see our own "places of interest," but pouring into the theatres and being quite brisk about whether they like the plays or not, and dancing gaily—as if it was quite a new thing—at the Savoy and Princes and the Piccadilly and places, and act'lly wandering about till one o'clock in the morning, or thereabouts, still quite fresh and hearty, which is a thing quite a lot of us Londoners, not to say most of 'em, had rather forgotten how to do, 'nless we'd really laid ourselves out for a specially late night, and then it's only a matter of another taxi-drive or so and trying hard to keep awake to the bitter end. . . .

AND a merry time is had by all, as that divine dancer, Mr. Fred Astaire, puts it—who, alas! has left us, not to mention *Stop Flirting*, which stops flirting this very next Saturday as ever is. And who, by the way, doesn't b'lieve, he says, that the Tango's ever going to catch on in England now, spite of the renewed efforts they're making to push it over here—*they* being mostly the dance-teachers, I s'pose. Who, quite nat'rally, of course, want us to break out in a new place every now and then, or else what's the use of living? But unfort'nately, we are so *dreffly* conservative, and I do b'lieve the foxtrot and the waltz have fairly bought it between 'em for quite a long while to come. And most people 've learnt, 'tany rate, the rudiments of *them*.

"Two Scotsmen racing to stand each other a drink"

"Coals dearer"

TALKING about dancing, lovely to know that the incomparable Pavlova starts another season at Covent Garden today as ever is, and for a whole month, too, 'stead of the paltry fortnight which was all she stayed for last year. And I do hope there'll really be lots of Pavlova—not too many of those big crowded scenes, but little masterpieces where we can see her, like in "The Swan," floating and fluttering about inimitably, like a little slim fleck of inspired thistledown. . . . She's to be Dulcinea in a *Don Quixote* ballet, I hear, but I don't quite see her in that—not if Dulcinea's in the very least like the original, anyway.

AM busy declining, these days, the September alphabet—dost know it? It 'gins rather towards the end, I'm 'fraid (like when you and I read the very lastest novel) . . . Oysters, Partridges, Ptarmigan, Quail, Venison—that's some of it, anyway, and just about the best part, too, methinks. Rather comforting little list, what? Even tho' they *do* say oysters, for one, are rather scarce and slow in the uptake this year, 'cos of the peace, I s'pose, or the Russian Treaty, or the Hun loan.

AND up North, meanwhile, they seem to be busy having gatherings—Braemar last week and all sorts of earnestly strenuous affairs at Perth, Inverness, etc., to follow. Why is it, by the way, I wonder, that so many so-called jokes should have, somehow, seemed to cluster around this most exc'lent and sturdy nation, which has, after all, given us at least a couple of very bright Knights, not to mention a P.M.? Yet whereat even Mr. Frank Tinney, just arrived at the Empire from the far-off U.S.A., tilts with such inexpensive jests as—

You know why the Scots have the most humour?

No? Wal, it's a gift!

And such seemingly futile and barely complimentary conundrums as folls—

Where was the slow-motion picture invented?

In Glasgow, from a film of two Scotsmen racing to stand each other a drink.

COALS to be dearer, by the way (talking of economy and that sort of thing) so they tell me, and groceries have gone up 10 per cent, at least. No wonder there's been a rush to emigrate lately. Am thinking of 'barking straightway meself to the South Sea Islands—where, 'cording to the S.S.I. novelists, you dress yourself in a small slab or chunk off the nearest haycock—*plus*, of course, a pure mind.

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHETTE

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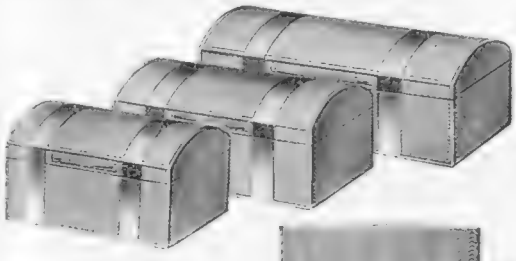

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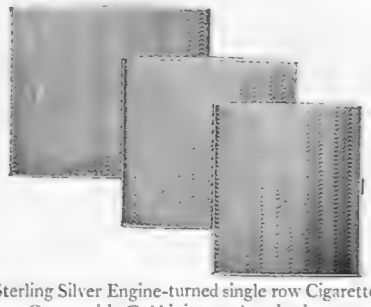

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DEWAR'S

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DEWAR'S

RACING NOTIONS

By "CARBINE"

St. Leger Doubts

LAST week the position was not at all promising so far as a number of prominent candidates for the St. Leger were concerned. Sansovino and another were known to be coughing, and one or two others were under suspicion from the same cause. This was an unhappy outlook within a few days of the great race on the Town Moor. I hope that the mischief will not be serious enough to keep any of the horses concerned out of the field on Wednesday. So far all would seem to have gone well with Polyphontes, and at the moment of writing he is a pronounced favourite for the last of the season's classic struggles. That he has improved immensely since he was beaten into fifth place in the Derby admits of no doubt, and he has been travelling very encouragingly in his home gallops. I perceive no good reason, however, why Polyphontes should beat Salmon Trout in the St. Leger.

Salmon Trout

ON the contrary, we saw in the Princess of Wales's Stakes that Salmon Trout was a better horse than his performance in the Derby had suggested. A good deal has been made of the fact that the Aga Khan's colt failed at Hurst Park, but that was only a ten furlong race, and I imagine Salmon Trout will be better suited by the longer journey at Doncaster. If Sansovino were fit and well no student of form would look beyond him, for we cannot forget the effortless manner in which he disposed of his field at Epsom. But Lord Derby's colt has experienced various vicissitudes, and it must necessarily be doubtful how far his condition has been effected, first by his inflamed hock a month ago, and more recently by the slight attack of coughing. It will be remarkable if he wins the Leger after these troubles.

The Outsiders' Chance

THE fact that one or two of the favourites are under a cloud will imbue the owners of some of the outsiders with renewed hope. The Manton stable will be strongly represented in the field. According to the gallop in which St. Germans, Bright Knight, and Hurstwood took part there is not much to choose between Lord Astor's two colts, while both would seem to be in front of Hurstwood.

Some Possibles

ANOTHER competitor from the same stable is Reggio, who must be regarded as a bit of a dark horse. All along he has been very backward, but he has made good progress during the past month, and is certainly one to be reckoned with. Lord Glanely will hope to see Cape Horn run well after that colt's recent successes, but I am rather doubtful whether he will stay the course. A long-priced one in whom I have interested myself to a small extent is Zodiac. I agree that on public form you cannot make him out as the probable winner, but I do not think we have yet seen the best of him. He has done as good a preparation for the race as any colt at Newmarket, and I expect him to have something to do with the finish. I make my selection **Zodiac**. As a "long shot" chance he should show a profit as the result of an each way investment.

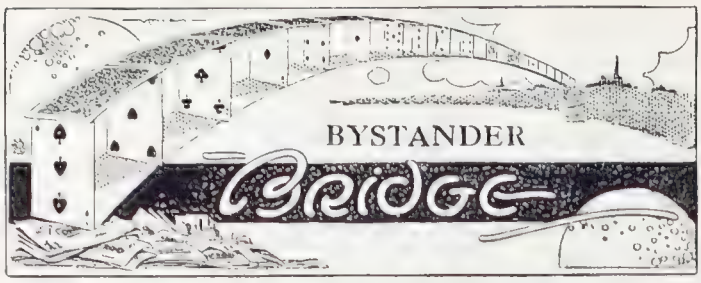
Other Events

AT the time of writing the intention is for Santorb to miss the St. Leger in favour of the Doncaster Cup on Friday. Here he will be up against a much improved animal in the shape of **Leonardo**, who is my choice for the race. Providing **Charley's Mount** has missed the coughing trouble which has lately prevailed at Whatcombe, she should win the Park Hill Stakes, and there is also much talk of this filly in connection with the Cesarewitch. For some time past I have marked down **Chang Chia** as a likely sort for the Prince of Wales's Nursery. He stays so well that he is sure to render a good account of himself in that race.

FIVE SELECTIONS FOR THE ST. LEGER By "THE TOUT"

"One, two, three, four, five,
Once I caught a fish alive"

And of course there was no doubt
That the fish was "Salmon Trout"



BY A. E. MANNING FOSTER

CARD-SHARPING AND SHUFFLING

A READER from India sends me the following:—"Our Club Secretary is nothing if not business-like. We settle Bridge accounts monthly, and at the end of each month it is the Secretary's duty to collect from the losers and pay the winners. Every month there is always someone or other who endorses the book, "Sorry, no change to-day—send round again to-morrow." Last month's accounts came round footed "*A prompt settlement will surprise.*"

. . . . . .

With reference to my remarks last week on shuffling, I am reminded that the "false" shuffle is one of the favourite dodges of the card-sharper. There are four principal kinds of false shuffle, namely: (1) The "classifying" or "arranging" shuffle; (2) The "partial" shuffle; (3) The "fan" shuffle; (4) The "dove-tail" shuffle.

The classifying or arranging shuffle is a pretended mixing of the cards, the player meanwhile really arranging them in the order required. I remember the late Mr. Charles Bertram, King of Conjurors, performing this feat before my eyes. While appearing to be shuffling in the ordinary way he arranged the cards (an ordinary pack presented to him by myself) so that, after cutting, each player received a complete suit of thirteen cards. Of course, few card-sharpers have the skill of Mr. Bertram, but some of them are adepts in sleight-of-hand.

I know a case of a Club where two card-sharpers played Bridge successfully for some time. They were never detected in any malpractice. But suspicion was aroused by the fact that whenever they dealt they or their partners had remarkably good hands. For an expert in sleight-of-hand it is quite a simple matter to arrange to deal himself four Aces or four honours of a suit.

This is how it is done. He divides the pack of cards into two parts, one in each hand, as is often done in shuffling. In mixing the two packets he manages to pass successively to the bottom of the completed pack four Aces or four court cards of a suit. He then hands the pack to be cut and neutralises the cut. That is to say, he returns the cards to their original position. He then deals, and slips out the four cards at the bottom, one at a time, to himself or partner in the course of dealing. If you think this cannot be done without detection you are wrong, and I know a conjuror who can do it.

. . . . . .

The "partial" shuffle is employed for those games where only a portion of the cards is dealt, such as écarté. In such cases eleven cards, having been, we will suppose, arranged by the sharper so as to enable him to win the game, it is important to him that those cards shall not be disturbed. He, therefore, passes these cards to the bottom of the pack, keeping his little finger between those cards and those above them which he shuffles thoroughly. This done he makes the pass a second time to bring the arranged cards again to the top of the pack.

. . . . . .

The "fan" is so called because the sharper in order to execute this particular shuffle, first spreads the cards in the shape of a fan. He then divides the pack into two parts which he holds, one in each hand. Then rapidly moving the fingers of his right hand, he passes the cards in this hand *under* those in the left, which to the spectator gives the effect of interlacing the cards. In reality, however, they are not shuffled at all, but they are in the position they would have assumed if the pack had been cut, inasmuch as the upper packet has pased beneath the lower one. The operation, consequently, must be repeated a second time in order to bring the cards into their original position.

. . . . . .

The "Dove-tail" shuffle is too complicated to describe without a diagram, but it is often employed by sharpers. It is fully described in a book by Robert Houdini on *Card Sharping*, now, I believe, out of print. In it are described various other neat and clever dodges and tricks some of which give one furiously to think. One of the most interesting chapters is on "the Wilful Blindness of Card Players," wherein it is shown how even the wariest and most observant may be tricked.

The idea that a card-sharper can only perform with his own *prepared* cards is a delusion. Of course, there are many card-sharpers who are clumsy, but the expert can trick you before your eyes even when you are on the look out for knavery.

. . . . . .

Do not imagine that I am trying to insinuate that you are likely to meet card-sharpers at reputable Clubs or in the Bridge circles in which you play. Nor am I trying to arouse suspicions. I would rather be cheated than go about suspecting my fellow men. But at this time of year when many are on holiday it is well to be on your guard against playing with strangers at hotels, however plausible and polite and apparently prosperous.

. . . . . .

I played Bridge once with a pleasant man I met at a seaside hotel. He had his private suite of rooms and a Rolls-Royce car. But although I lost nothing in money by my experience, I would not play a second time. I somehow smelt that something was wrong. A few days later he was turned out of the hotel, the manager having discovered he was one of a band of international card-sharpers who infest hotels in the holiday season.

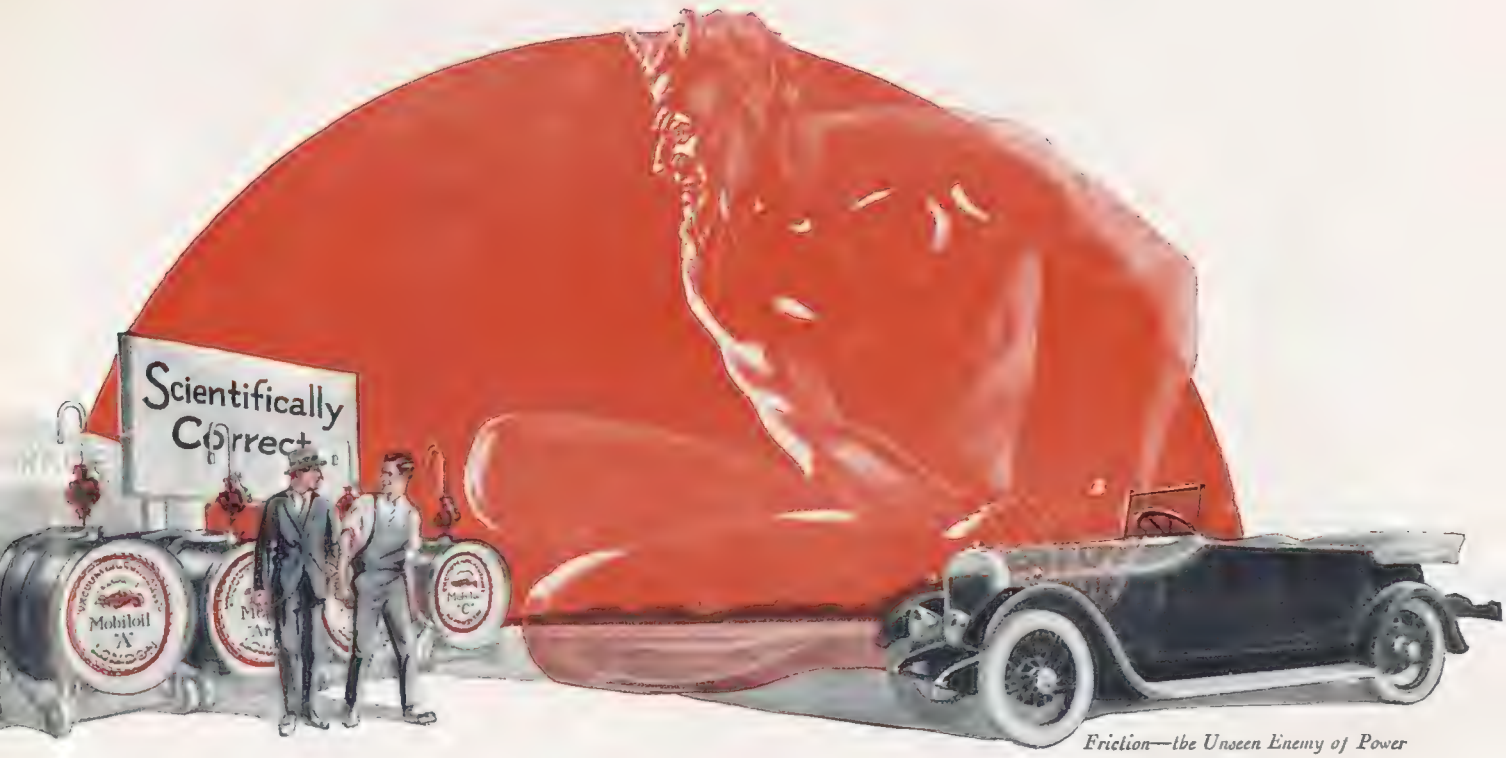
. . . . . .

Owing to the large number of solutions received, the result of Competition No. IV is held over until next week.

BY L. R. BRIGHTWELL

JOHN BULL'S JUNGLE—THE HOLIDAYEE

One of the most attractive of creatures is the short-lived but happy Holidayee. Although pathetically short, it has such a sunny nature and ingratiating ways that one easily forgives the little sting at the end of its tail



Friction—the Unseen Enemy of Power

The Sure Way to Reduce Engine Wear

The only way to prolong the life of your car to its maximum is to reduce friction to its minimum—and only the correct oil can do that.

The mere fact that an oil "seems to work all right" is not sufficient. No car owner should be satisfied with ordinary lubrication. His car deserves the best that is possible in lubrication—oil which possesses the correct body and character to meet with scientific exactness the design, construction and operating conditions.

The selection of the correct grade and character of oil for an automotive engine requires scientific knowledge and engineering experience, which the average car owner may not possess.

For this reason the Vacuum Oil Company, Ltd., maintains a staff of experienced automotive engineers who know, by constant study, just how each point in engine design affects its operating conditions—*its lubrication needs.* These engineers know, by long practical experience, which grade or grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil will correctly lubricate your engine.

The recommendations of these engineers are embodied in the Chart of Recommendations exhibited at all garages. Make the Chart your Guide.

Remember:
Ask for Gargoyle Mobiloil by the full title. It is not sufficient to say, "Give me a gallon of 'A' or 'BB'." Demand Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" or Gargoyle Mobiloil "BB," or whichever grade is specified for your car in the Chart of Recommendations.

If you purchase Gargoyle Mobiloil "loose" see that it is drawn from a container bearing the trade mark shown in this advertisement. A fair average price for Gargoyle Mobiloil from bulk is 1/9 a quart.

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Mobiloil
Make the Chart your Guide

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BRANCH OFFICES:

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Birmingham	*Glasgow*
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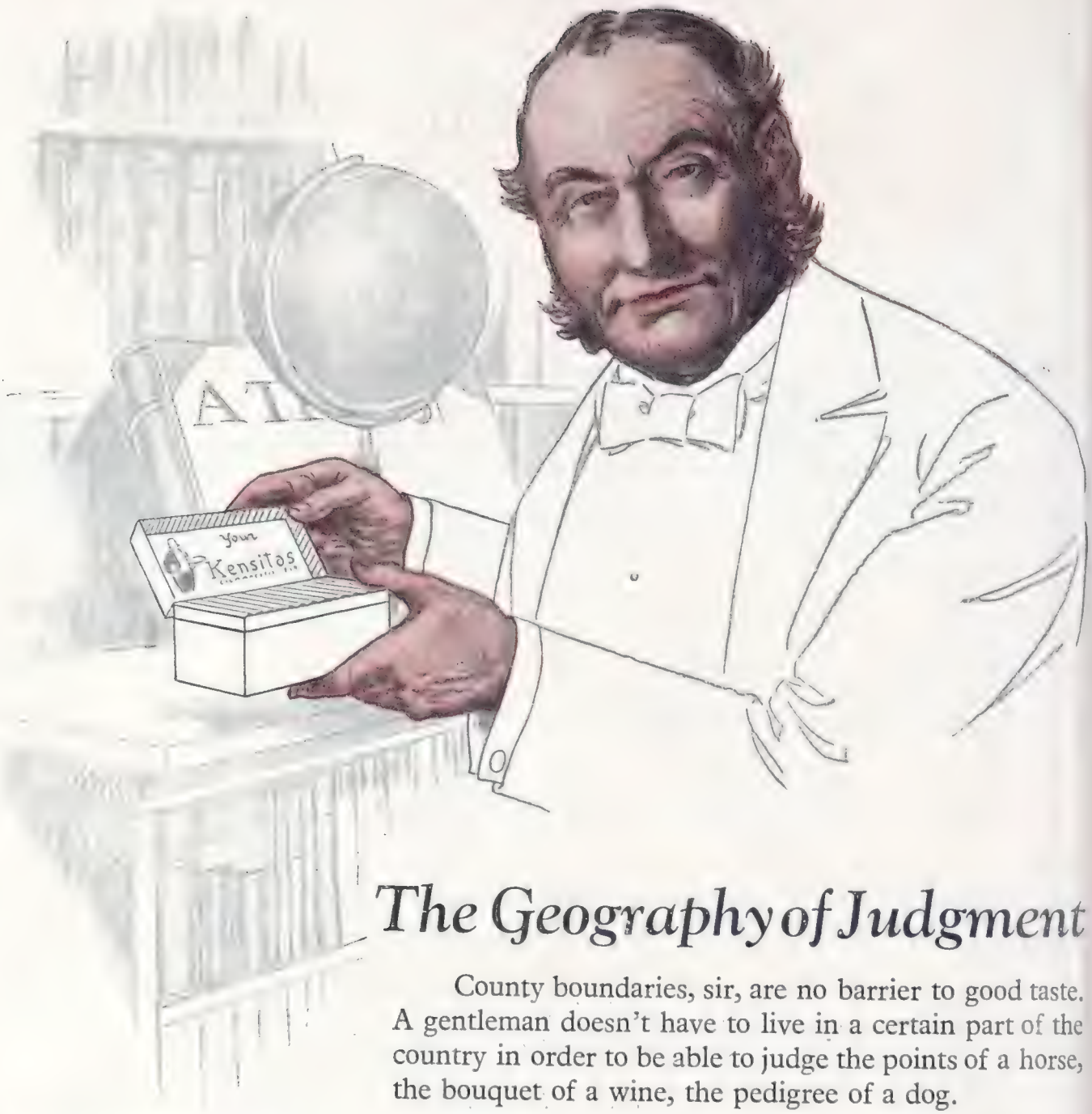
VACUUM OIL COMPANY, LTD



The Geography of Judgment

County boundaries, sir, are no barrier to good taste. A gentleman doesn't have to live in a certain part of the country in order to be able to judge the points of a horse, the bouquet of a wine, the pedigree of a dog.

Exactly, sir. . . the appreciation of Kensitas isn't a matter of geography. Wherever there are gentlemen who relish the finer growths of prime old Virginia, there will they find Kensitas for their appreciation—*always* "as good as really good cigarettes can be."

Jenkyn

Rare golden Virginia leaf at its choicest and primest——

Blending as skilful, manufacture as careful as this fine tobacco merits——

Packing—by hand instead of machinery—worthy of both leaf and blend——

These are some of the reasons for the unique qualities of Kensitas.

20 *for* **1/-**

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Kensitas

the preferred cigarette

FEMINA

THE CRAYFISH SEASON

By MRS. M. VINCE

THE English cookery books are silent about the cooking of the crayfish. But if you go into a big fishmongers in London they will be able to quote you a price for them, and will offer to order them for you. They may even have them on sale, but that is not very probable. I enquired in a shop the other day, and was told that the price was eight shillings a dozen, and that they could be got for me from Cornwall, where they were caught in the streams. I was also told they were not generally kept because they were hardly ever asked for. So the fishmongers know about them, even though other people do not.

THE crayfish is really not a fish at all. His name is only a corruption of the French *écrevisse*. He is found in rocky streams and lakes, and is like a little lobster, dull green or brown in colour, and red when he is boiled. I suppose there are not enough of them here for them to become popular. But in Sweden, with its innumerable lakes, they are a national dish, and the catching of them is a national sport. They are what the oyster and the grouse together are to us. They are almost as great a delicacy as the oyster, and the opening of the crayfish season is as big an event as the twelfth of August in this country. But they are very cheap. Even now they only cost three and sixpence a score. Before the War the price was two shillings, and at one time it was no more than sixpence.

AT one Swedish country-house that I know, the same "fisherman" has come every year for more than thirty years, in the early hours of the first morning after the season has opened, with his great basket of the first catch, and he has left with the promise that he would come again next year. He is now well over eighty, but he has never yet failed to keep his promise.

THERE was a time when crayfish could be caught all the year round, but they began to grow scarce, and now there is a close season. They must not be caught before the beginning of August, and any that are less than two inches long, must be put back. The season lasts only about six weeks, for in the middle of September their shells begin to get soft and they are no longer good to eat. By that time, too, there are few left except those that have been spared on account of their youth.

THEY are caught at night or in the very early morning, in nets suspended from a rod and baited with pieces of meat. One fisherman will watch several, going from net to net with his lantern, and tossing them up on to the bank before the crayfish can slip out. By day it is a very interesting thing to get someone, who knows how to find them, to catch them for you by hand. If you are not an expert you may search and search among the rocks in the shallow water at the edge of the lake, and find nothing, for the tiny half-transparent things are the colour of the rocks; but he, with his fingers, will whip them out of the cracks and from under the rocks, almost as easily as you would pick up stones.

RE-ENTER THE RUSSIANS

Vera Savina Massine, the wife of Leonide Massine, who is one of the members of the Russian Ballet to be seen at the Coliseum on September 15. Under the direction of Stanislan Idzikowski they open with "Les Roses," a new poeme classique

MISS MARY LEWIS

The well-known soprano, who is among the caste of the British National Opera Company. A three weeks' season is being held at Birmingham, starting on September 15

THE first day of the crayfish season is a great day in the restaurants. They put up special signs to show that crayfish can be bought and eaten within — models of crayfish, six feet long, with electric lights for eyes. There are pictures of crayfish in the newspapers with advertisements underneath, announcing that the advertiser is prepared to send them to you, "big, extra fine and living." There are even special knives to eat them with, special napkins with a little crayfish embroidered in one corner and special plates with a crayfish design. People make up crayfish parties. I was once in a Swedish lakeside town on the first day of the season, but it was impossible to get any to eat. There were scores, hundreds, of them in the hotel—but they had all been ordered in advance.

THEY are sold alive, for they will live out of water if kept in a moist place, and are even suspected of making little excursions inland, of their own accord, in search of vegetable food. They are cooked for about an hour and a half in boiling water with dill; served cold, piled on a large dish strewn with dill, and eaten with bread and butter. An epicure in crayfish rivals our oyster-epicures. He will eat two score at a time. But the number which is provided when they are one of the dishes at an ordinary dinner, is five score for six people. Although the crayfish season is so short you can still get them to eat all the year round, for they can be preserved. They are put, uncooked, in pans of brine, the pans being left uncovered. Crayfish preserved in this way can be eaten a year later. They are used for soups and sauces, and one of the most delicious dishes that I ever tasted in Sweden was a crayfish soufflé.

Little Shipton *v.* Cheetham

By HARTLEY CARRICK

I DON'T suppose you would find a prettier cricket ground than ours for miles round. The fact that we play on the village green doesn't matter. The situation is ideal. There is an inn at all four corners of the ground, and Mr. Biggs, the landlord of the best one, doesn't mind opening a bit earlier and shutting a bit later on match days—and if he makes half a dozen runs he's inclined to be hospitable, so we all start in a good humour. And we usually get a good wicket. There may be a spot or two where the broken ginger-beer bottle lurks in wait for the good length ball, but on the whole we don't get knocked about much. And we play strict cricket. Of course, we've got a few local rules. Just behind cover-point there are seven or eight elm trees, so we agree that "catching off the trees" doesn't count, and if the landlord gets out first ball, we count that a trial ball, or else don't appeal. After all, cricket is a game, and the man does sell good beer.

We get a good crowd, too. All the village turns out, and we larrup any youngster who shirks watching. Our *padre* encourages them, and talks about "the short but simple flannels of the poor." Wiggs, who's the postman, is our best bat, and as he has a cousin who once saw Hendren play, he goes in first with the curate, the Rev. James. Mr. James isn't as stylish as Wiggs, because he never moves his bat, but he's very useful for keeping down the language, and that takes some doing when Jobson, our wicket-keeper, has had a couple.

Moss, who plays when his wife lets him, and Saunders, who does when his corns do, are our best bowlers. Moss bowls a ball that often goes with his arm on to the batsman's ribs. He's got a lot of chaps out that way, leg before wicket. Saunders doesn't bowl so fast, but he's really more useful because he appeals more often, and as he's a big, quarrelsome-looking man, the batsman is usually given out. I've never known Saunders have to ask twice about a catch at the wicket. I usually go in after Number Ten, just before the byes, but I've been out of luck this year. Wiggs says it's because I've got a two-eyed stance, but as a matter of fact I don't squint at all, and, anyhow, he's as bandy as they make 'em, so *he* oughtn't to talk. Besides, I nearly scored in my last three innings. Perhaps our most reliable man is old Russet, our umpire. If he could hear properly, he'd be first-class. Why, he's more of a friend than an umpire. If we hadn't had a man of solid judgment like him, Little Shipton's cricket reputation wouldn't be what it is to-day.

I've shuddered sometimes in a close match to think what would happen if he'd been on the other side, and never more so than on last Saturday. We were playing a neighbouring village, called Cheetham, a nasty, unsporting side, and well-named. We batted first and did uncommon well, knocking up forty-seven; but there were several unpleasant incidents. Jobson had made six and was well set when the wicket-keeper made a most offensive remark to him. Jobson, I admit, is a hasty-tempered chap, but he hardly hit him with his bat when their umpire gave him out for obstructing the field. I really thought poor old Russet would have had a fit.

Then Mr. Biggs, our landlord, who had just left the field to serve a customer, took more than his two minutes to come in, so they appealed, and that meant another good wicket gone. And to cap everything, Wiggs just happened to turn his back on an extra fast one, and was given out leg before wicket. It was the most scandalous decision I've ever heard. He showed us all in the tent, barring the Rev. James, the place where the ball hit him, and you can take it from me it wasn't his leg. But that's Cheetham all over.

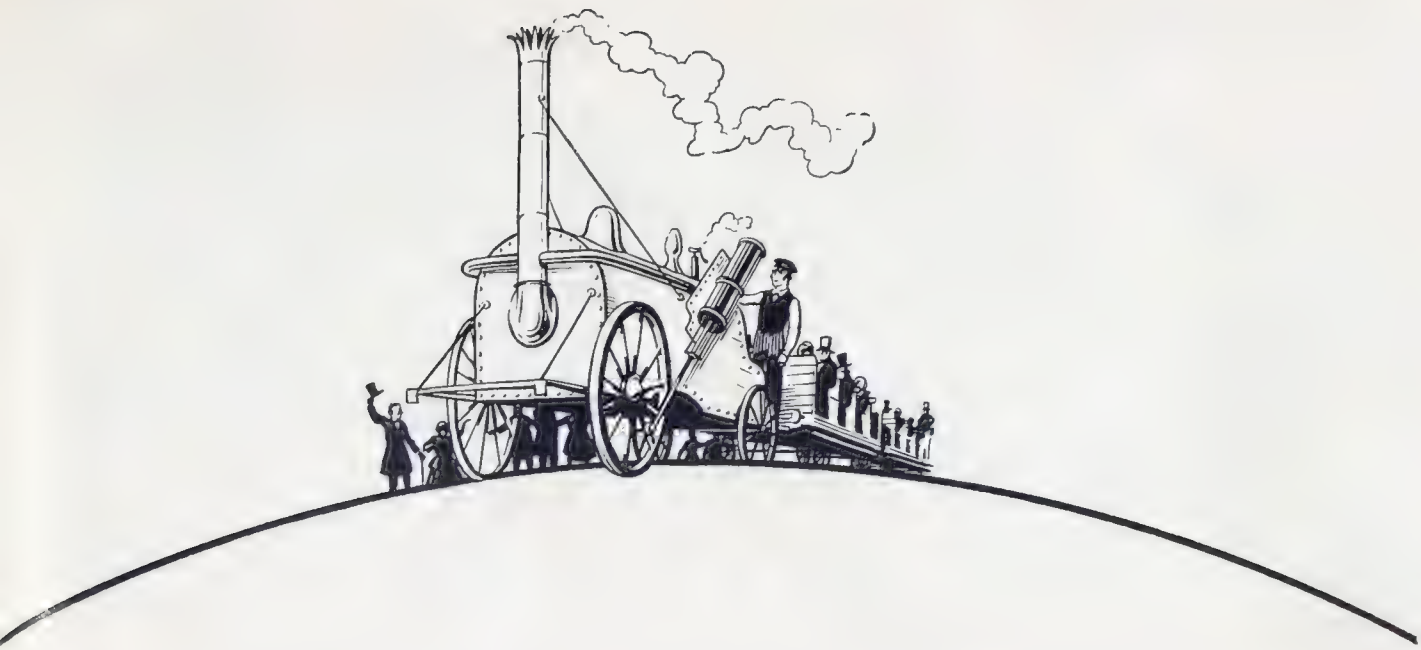
Well, as I said, we were all out for forty-seven and presently in they came to bat. For a long time we couldn't do anything right, and they scored thirty with only five men out. Then we started to get a bit of our own back. Moss happened to hit their best batsman on the chest, and Jobson caught another off his elbow, while off the next ball we got a nice run out. That was the first time this season old Russet had done the hat trick, and he wasn't half pleased.

The next two chaps, however, were artful. They never let the ball hit their legs, and gradually took the score to forty-five before Moss went round the wicket and bowled one of them as he was taking a fresh guard. That meant two runs to win and the last man in. You could have heard a pin drop. I had a look at Russet and saw he was all of a tremble. His mouth was wide open, ready to say the necessary word when Saunders started to bowl. Whether it was nervousness or not I don't know, but it was the worst ball I've ever seen. It must have bounced six times before it started to reach the batsman. But old Russet started first. He just threw back his head and yelled, "Wide! No ball! Bye! Gawd! He's hit it! H'out! H'over! 'Urrah! We've won!"

You must come and see our return match with Cheetham. H. C.

STRAIGHT FROM THE COURSE
To-day's naps and doubles

By STAN TERRY

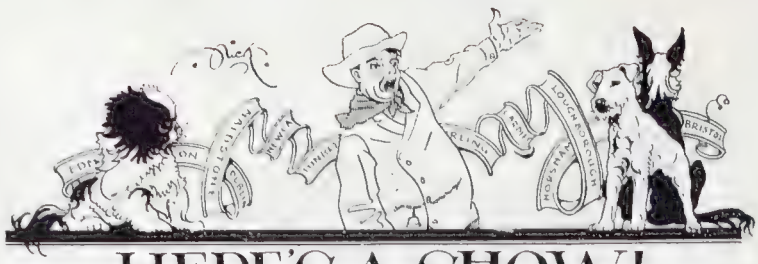


A HUNDRED *years ago Stephenson was unknown. In 1824 he did things which changed the history of the world. The following year his "Rocket" rattled on its uncertain course between Stockton and Darlington. Only then did people begin to say 'Who is this Stephenson?'*

❧ ❧ ❧

The spirit of Stephenson lives again in Chrysler. Chrysler is one of the greatest men in the motor industry. But hitherto he has worked in comparative obscurity. Absorbed for the past fifteen years in experiment and research, here is the figure we must look to for the next step on the path of motor-car progress

❧ A further announcement concerning the attainments and aims of Mr. W. P. Chrysler will be made in next weeks issue of this journal



HERE'S A SHOW!

IS WORK A CURSE? BY "THE KENNELMAN"

THE grouse of the correspondent who writes: "There may be lots of good Dog Shows within easy reach of London, and elsewhere, but how is one to know of them in time to arrange a visit?" is not a very reasonable one. First, notification of a good many appears in these Notes. Secondly, by the investment of tuppence sterling per week you can secure supply of that excellent illustrated journal, *The Dog World*, with complete schedule of all forthcoming Shows and Matches, and much besides. *Our Dogs*, the famous weekly published in Manchester, costs 3*d*. Forthcoming Shows of this month include Loughborough, Maidstone and Stirling to-day, Edmonton to-morrow, Tunbridge Wells 17th, Horsham 25th, Cardiff and Newcastle 24th, Bristol 26th, Dublin 20th, and others.

The following are *obiter dicta* culled from correspondents' letters regarding The Kennelman's Notes under the head of "The Idle Dog," on the subject of work for Dogs:

"I simply cannot understand how you can reconcile your own professed love of Dogs with advocacy of their employment in our country in draught or police work, or other form of slavery—God forbid!" "Your insistence on the real hardship, unhappiness and ill-health inflicted upon thousands of our best-bred Dogs through boredom and *ennui* is most valuable and was sorely needed. Failing rational employment, let all owners of 'onlies' who really care for Dogs try at once the effect of providing a canine companion for their lone Dogs. It makes an immense difference." "Two practical points deserve note: All healthy Dogs love rational work and thrive on it; whether it takes the form of what we call sport, or labour. For them, it's healthy exercise, plus keen interest and pride of responsibility and partnership with man. The scope of action and efficiency of the police in crime prevention and detection can easily be doubled by the intelligent employment of British Dogs."

Plaintive enquiries are being made regarding a lamentable dual characteristic found in individuals of the fashionable Alsatian breed: combined shyness and viciousness. To my mind, one cause is the wolf-cross; and, personally, I would buy only specimens bred in Britain, from British-bred strains.

A doggy visitor from Boston declares that: "In America, Dog-fancying is just now suffering acutely from the prevalence of the American commercial spirit of 'Win at any price,' which threatens the existence of so many Transatlantic sports and pastimes, and damages all of them."

My ignorance, no doubt; but, having thought of Dr. Frank Crane as one of the most amiable and harmless of America's human loud-speaking machines, I am startled to learn of his writing that the Dog is "no more than a degenerate wolf . . . essentially a coward . . . he is a killer . . . kills everything that runs away . . . more human lives are taken every year by dogs than have been taken by wild beasts . . . cultivate a public sentiment against the dog . . .," etc. Is this "humour," or epilepsy, or botulism, or incipient paranoia, or what? For the sake of the Dogs, one hesitates to recommend such a writer to study them; but he might with advantage learn something about wolves; say about a quarter as much as is known to every farm-bred boy in the North-West.

Kennel Club registrations for July beat all previous records for a month, with the surprising total of just on 5,000. Wire-haired Fox Terriers head the list; Airedales next; and Pekingese and Cockers both show 50 per cent. increases. For detail (in this and many other matters of first-rate interest) see August issue of *The Kennel Gazette*.

A REMARKABLY NOURISHING DOG BISCUIT

Only the finest ingredients and highly nutritious elements, carefully blended, are used in the manufacture of

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Sold by all Corn Merchants, etc., in 1/- Cartons. Note the distinctive shape, and see the name MELOX PUPPY on every biscuit.

They are delightfully light and crisp—perfectly baked and exceedingly appetising. All dogs enjoy them, and their nourishing qualities build bone and muscle, give gloss to the coat, increase the dog's vitality, and keep him perfectly fit.

Made by the manufacturers of the world-famous dog foods,

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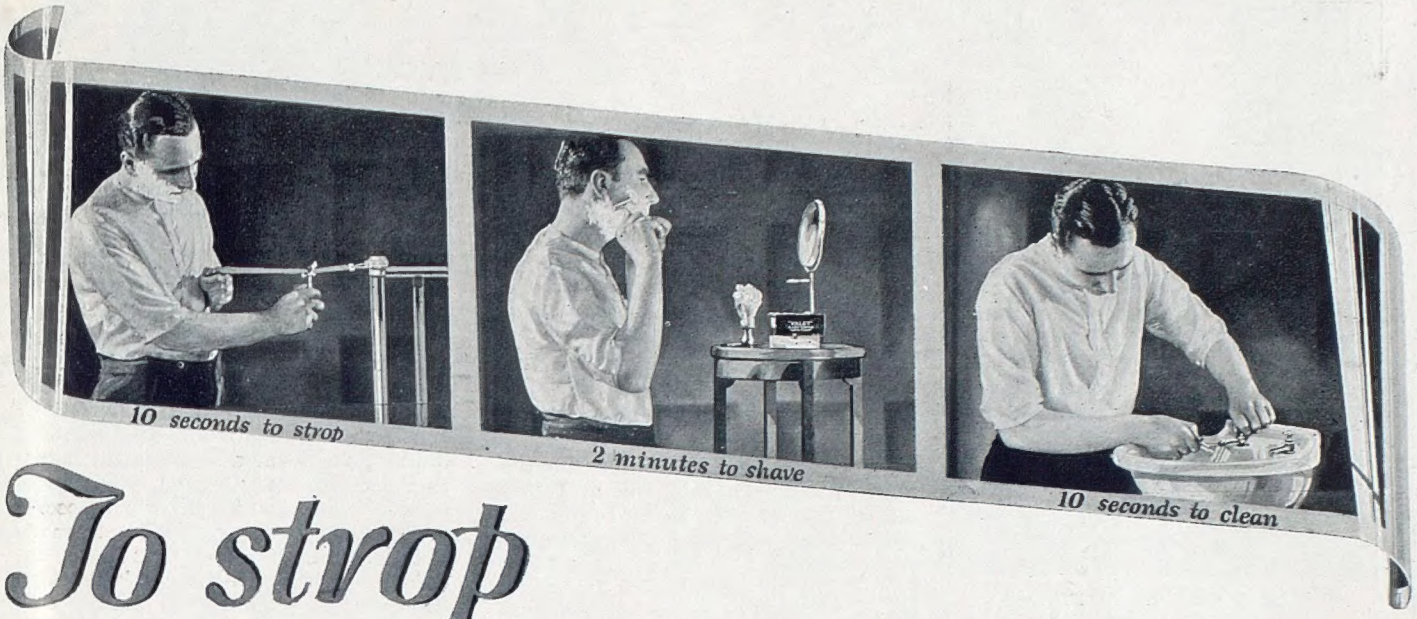
THE CALL OF EGYPT

LISTEN to the Call of Egypt, where romance and mystery were born and are deathless still to-day. Pay your homage of wonder to her mighty river and her stately temples. Explore the purple-shadowed streets of her fantastic cities; tread the gilded carpets of her deserts where silence falls supreme and absolute. Dream amid the glories of Thebes and Luxor in the lands of haunting vision. Come when, in the early autumn, the after-glow of Summer is yet upon the land and the splendour of Egypt's climate is at its zenith.

Particulars of fares, tariffs, etc., of all principal Travel Bureaux and Tourist Agencies. Write for "Egypt and the Sudan," a copiously illustrated brochure, free on application to Egypt Promotion Association, 9, Quality Court, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. 2, or Post Box 990, Cairo.

EGYPT—THE ETERNAL WONDERLAND.



To strop or not to strop

WHAT do you need for a perfect shave? Above all things, a sharp blade. How can you get it? Only by stropping.

The "Valet" alone among safety razors possesses the secret of giving you a quick, clean shave with the same blade, day after day, week after week. That secret is first a British blade made of the finest steel brought to the finest edge, and secondly the power of retaining that edge by 10 seconds' daily stropping.

Any dealer will gladly show you the "Valet" and its strop at work together. Any user, and their number is legion, will tell you what that combination means to the comfort of his before-breakfast shave.

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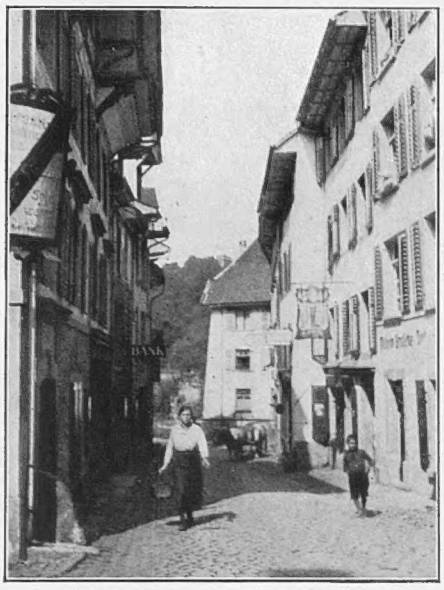
CAMERA NOTES

HOME CINEMATOGRAPHY



AN OLD STREET IN LAUFFENBURG

IN these days, in which the camera is every man's companion, it deserves passing notice that amateur photography is now entering upon a new phase—the age of popular cinematography, in which the hand cinema-camera may become almost as ubiquitous as the pocket camera is to-day.

Little more than twelve months ago there appeared on the home market a pocket camera of French production, which, being designed for use in the hand and to take either still or motion pictures, represented probably the first practical amateur ciné-camera. By way of evidence of its value, it is interesting to record that the falcon-hunting scene in the well-known film, *Robin Hood*, was, in fact, filmed with one of these automatic hand ciné-cameras. This camera proved the forerunner of a host of others, and to-day the number of such models available must exceed a score.

The Question of Cost

THOUGH these are all alike in having been so simplified as to allow of their successful use by the amateur, they present a number of vital differences. Some, for instance, must be crank-driven and require to be supported on a clumsy and conspicuous tripod, whilst others, being motor-driven, can be used freely in the hand ; some, again, can be set when desired to take single "still" photographs.

For many people, however, the chief consideration will be that of expense, both as regards initial outlay and, more especially, running costs. This factor permits a broad division into two classes ; one, by far the larger, in which close adherence to the practice customary in huge-scale film work, entails heavy running costs, and the second, in which this item has been so greatly reduced as to bear comparison with that of an ordinary hand-camera.

How Costs Are Cut

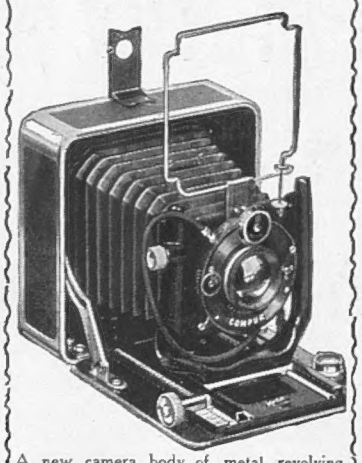
TO this latter class belong the Ciné-Kodak, Victor and Pathé-Baby systems, together with one or two others not yet on the British market. In these the first economy is effected by the use of sub-standard film, *i.e.*, smaller than standard size. Whereas the normal film bears an image slightly smaller than a postage stamp, the Ciné-Kodak image is about half this size, the Pathé-Baby image only a quarter. This, in itself no small economy, further permits a considerable reduction in the cost and bulk of the camera. Absurdly small as these films may appear, they are of proved efficiency for their purpose.

A second economy, which is made practicable by the fact that in general only a single positive copy is required of amateurs' films, lies in the use of a method of development by which the positive film is made, by reversal, on the actual film exposed in the camera.

An important advantage of a system employing, for instance, Ciné-Kodak film is that it can be used with this material alone, thus eliminating all risk of fire which might otherwise be taken, consciously or not, by the use in the projecting machine of a film made on standard, highly inflammable base in place of the slow-burning acetate base of the Kodak Ciné-film.

T. L. J. BENTLEY

The 'KERN'
All Metal Camera
for Plates or Film Packs.



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Extra single nickel plate-holders (non-rustable) ...	4 6
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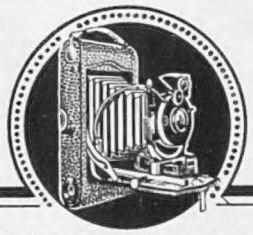

Any camera, etc., taken in part exchange. Deferred payments if required. Fine second-hand cameras half price. Lists of everything free.

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Send your films to the best house in the trade. I will develop one spool and give you one print from each negative for 1/-
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Post your Films to Will R Rose

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THEY will be returned in a few hours, perfectly developed and printed, together with helpful advice.

You need not pay in advance. This guarantees your satisfaction and his efficiency. Your Kodak friends know WILL R. ROSE.

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Cavander's

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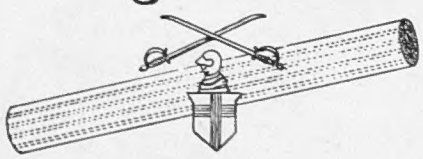
Cigarettes



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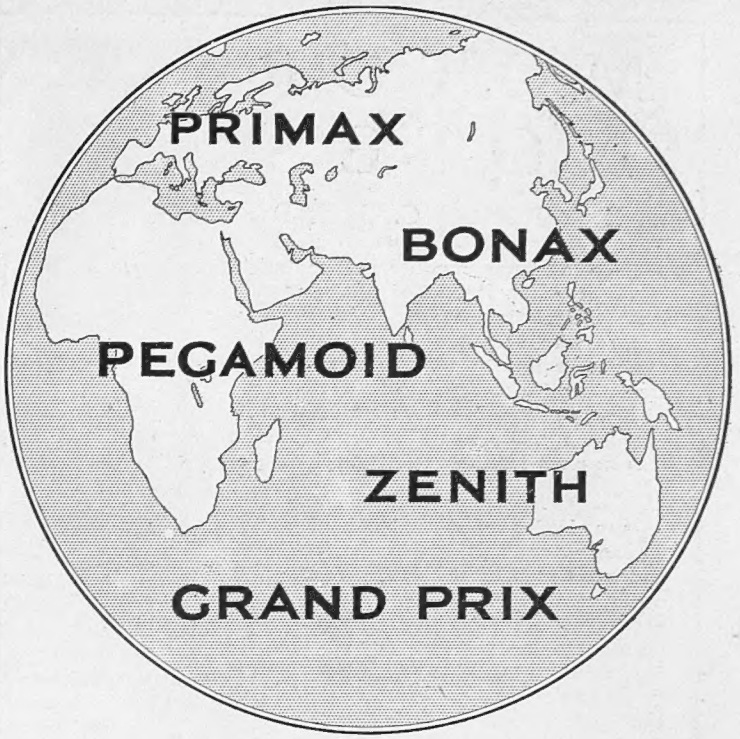
20 for 1/3



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Melbourne Inman

MOTOR NOTES

By GEORGE C. STEAD

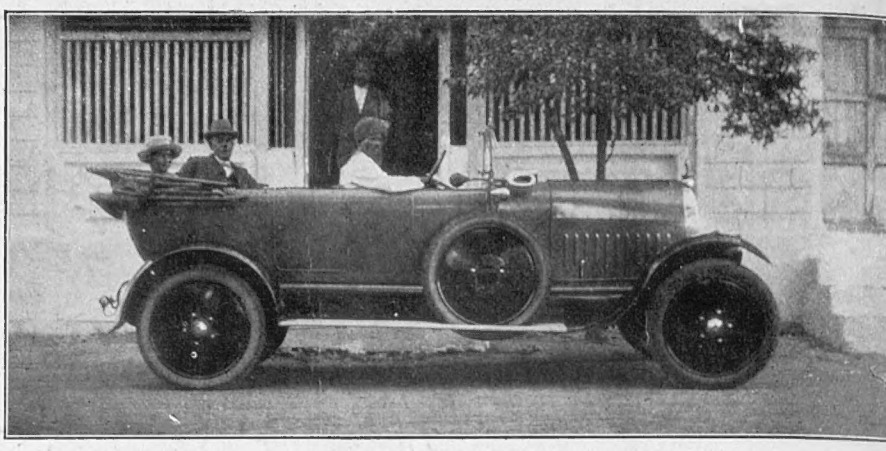
To a large number of motorists it is a matter of planning and calculating before undertaking a trip, say, from London to Brighton. What must it be like to organise a motor trip from Cape Town to Cairo? Yet a party of intrepid motorists have set off on this expedition, and are at present on the high seas *en route* for their starting point.

* * *

THE leader of this band of motor adventurers is Major Court Treatt, and he is to be accompanied by his wife, a camera man, a journalist, and an interpreter. His wife is to be congratulated on her courage in undertaking the journey, but, as her husband explains, in an emergency she has often proved herself to be the equal of two men. The distance, as the crow flies, is about 5,000 miles, but the route to be followed is considerably longer. It is calculated that the journey will take approximately fifteen months to complete.

* * *

THE cars to be used are particularly interesting. They are 25-30 h.p. Crossleys, modified specially for the work they have to do, and two cars will be taken. The bodies are also very interesting. They are of the van type, but the tops are detachable. The two tops, when removed, can be bolted together and they thus form a large pontoon or raft, on which one car at a time can be ferried across rivers or lakes. It is a daring trip and it deserves every success.



IN SUNNY POONA

A 16-h.p. Cubitt car which distinguished itself in the Bombay Motor Club Reliability Trial last March. It is seen outside an hotel in Poona

* * *

TURNING now from consideration of a journey which must necessarily be carried out at a low speed, let us consider the question of average speeds in this country of ours. In the club-house, we often hear astounding stories of the high average speeds attained by enthusiastic owners, and we are all more or less duly impressed. But on analysis, it will often be found that maximum speed has been confused with average speed.

TAKE my own case, as an example. Circumstances necessitate that I should cover 130 miles out and home over the same road every week-end. The route is always the same, but it is usually a different car every time. The downward journey always finishes in the dark, and the upward is carried out in the early morning. I have, therefore, unique opportunities of getting reliable figures on this average speed question.

* * *

I MAY say that the road abounds in villages, cross-roads, and corners, and straight-away stretches are few and far between. I always drive with due circumspection, and never take an undue risk. After many weeks of trying to do the trip

(Continued on page x)

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